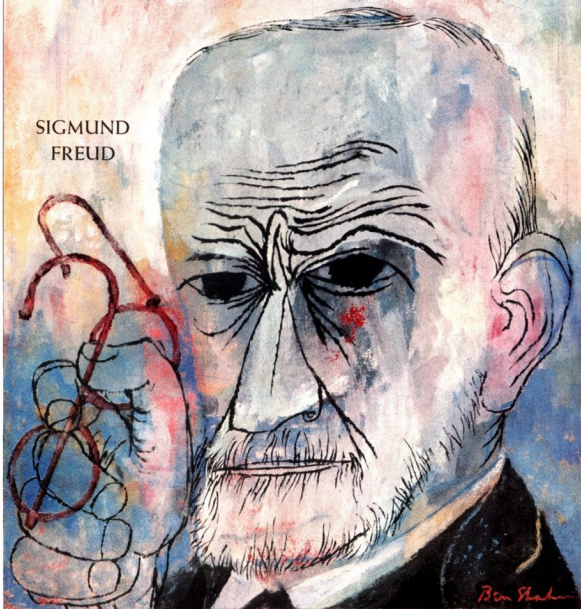


# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

SIGMUND  
FREUD



\$6.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXVII NO. 17

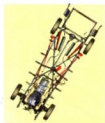
# From Studebaker-Packard Corporation

## AN EXCITING NEW CHOICE IN EVERY PRICE CLASS

- Each car with a personality unmistakably its own
- Each built by the company that brings you the newest advances first!

## THE BOLD NEW IDEA

At Studebaker-Packard, the *Bold New Idea* means that the American motorist is offered a new choice of distinctive cars in every price class—each with *product advantages* made possible by unique flexibility of production.



Torsion-Level Suspension makes possible a *smoother, safer ride* through the elimination of coil and leaf springs. It is one of the major engineering advancements recently pioneered by Studebaker-Packard—and inspired by the *Bold New Idea*.



Studebaker for 1956

—The Outstanding Car in the Low Price Field



Packard for 1956

—Setting New Standards in Fine Cars



Packard *Caribbean* for 1956

—The Ultimate in Luxury Convertibles



Clipper for 1956

—America's Finest Medium Price Car—Built by Packard Craftsmen



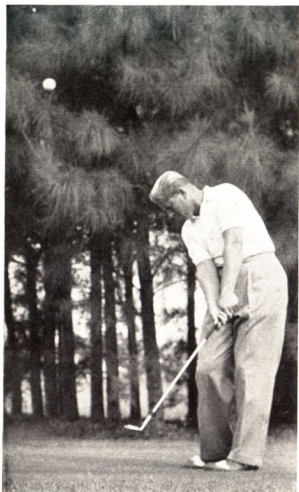
The *Golden Hawk* for 1956

—America's Newest and Hottest Sports Car—Room for 5 Passengers

**PACKARD • CLIPPER • STUDEBAKER**

Outstanding cars in every price class—products of Studebaker-Packard Corporation





## HOW OFTEN DO YOU SAY:

"What I'd give for a shot like that?"

Not a miracle shot, but just a nice relaxed pitch that can frequently save a putt, and maybe *two*.

You'll make bolder, more accurate shots, more consistently with Spalding SYNCHRO-DYNED® TOP-FLITE® clubs.

Because *only these registered clubs* are made with Spalding's exclusive SYNCHRO-DYNED club system—a scientific and exact mathematical formula of weight coordination that makes *every club in the set swing and feel the same*.

It's this uniform swing-feel that lets

you use *every* club in the bag with better results. You'll swing *through* every shot, without hesitating, because *all your TOP-FLITES feel alike*.

See for yourself—by playing as often as you regularly do—that these clubs will do *more* to reduce your bad shots than any others on the market today.

Your new TOP-FLITES *look* better, too. The irons have an exclusive tough alloy steel with a high-polish glistening finish. Fine Spalding TOP-FLITE clubs are sold only through golf professionals.

*Play Spalding clubs and balls . . . golf's most winning combination*

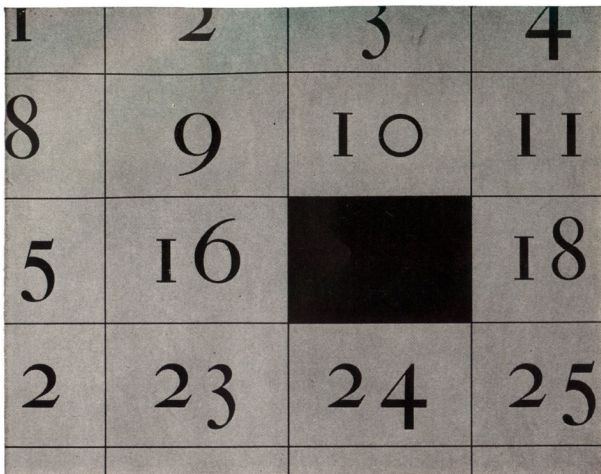


**SPALDING**  
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS



Spalding PAR-FLITES®—fine clubs at a popular price. These quality clubs are made with care to offer steady performance, round after round. PAR-FLITES, too, feature the new tough-steel, high-polish finish. See your golf Pro. Let him best fit his Spalding clubs to your game and pocketbook.

"Unforeseen events... need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"



## Blind date

Today? Tomorrow? Who knows when you may have a date... with trouble.

A disabling accident... a fire... a damage suit... a dishonest employee... an auto crash.

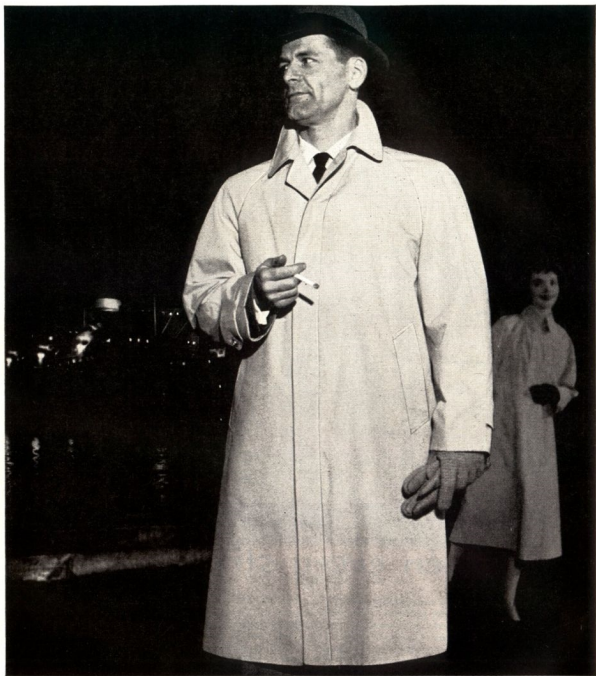
Takes only one to cause a crippling loss. *Unless* you have adequate insurance to protect your home, business, and possessions thoroughly. And thoroughness is the job of your Maryland agent or broker. He gives his personal attention to planning the right kinds and the right amounts of protection at the right time—before you meet the unexpected. Make a date with him today.

*Because he knows his business, it's good business for you to know him.*

## MARYLAND CASUALTY COMPANY

Baltimore 3, Maryland

*There are many forms of Maryland protection for business, industry, and the home. Casualty Insurance, Fidelity and Surety Bonds, and Fire and Marine Insurance are available through 10,000 agents and brokers.*



**This Neat Look lasts . . . wash 'n' wear poplin of "Dacron" and cotton.** Forget the wrinkled raincoat of old . . . *the rumpled look!* Now you can always look neat in this revolutionary raincoat of 50% "Dacron"\* and 50% cotton. "Dacron" polyester fiber adds *built-in* wrinkle resistance . . . a Neat Look that lasts through countless wearings, rainstorms . . . even washings. "Dacron" also gives this light, comfortable raincoat the convenience of wash-and-wear. Wash it by hand or machine (skip spin-dry cycle), drip dry, wear it right off the hanger. A touch with the iron is the most it will need.

\*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR COAT SHOWN HERE.

# DACRON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING  
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Smartly fashioned poplin raincoats of "Dacron" and cotton are also available in trench-coat models; wide range of shades from natural to charcoal. At fine stores everywhere.



## When every stitch counts!

Even garments made of the strongest fabrics won't stand up to wear and strain if they aren't properly sewn. That's why good sewing, no less than good fabric, is a mark of quality in children's togs, work clothing and every other type of apparel.

Torrington is one of America's largest makers of sewing machine needles, and manufacturers the world over rely on them to achieve flawless stitching on wearing apparel and many other textile products.

The same precision techniques that have made Torrington sewing machine needles so widely used are applied in serving other fields. Such varied products as huge sheave bearings for bridges and tiny precision parts for power tools and instruments are made by Torrington to meet exacting standards.

In each of these diverse fields, Torrington products enjoy an unmatched reputation for quality, economy and performance.



Torrington precision metal parts include firing pins and components for guns and rifles, as well as dowel shafts and pivots for many sensitive instruments.



Torrington Work Roll Bearings in rolling mill equipment are helping to produce record tonnages, round the clock, in the nation's steel mills.

### THE TORRINGTON COMPANY

Torrington, Conn.

*Serving industry from plants in the  
United States, Canada, England and Germany*







DEEP IN TENNESSEE, a white marble statue looks out over a tree-shaded hollow . . . a flock of mallard ducks meander peacefully about their adopted home . . . and the oldest registered distillery goes about the patient business of making a rare, rare whiskey. That whiskey is Jack Daniel's, the likes of which are made nowhere else in the world. For in all the world, only Jack Daniel's is "Charcoal Mellowed," drop by drop, before aging . . . an extra, old-fashioned step that makes the difference between good and superb whiskey. We think you'll agree no other whiskey's flavor is as smooth.



"CHARCOAL  
MELOWED"  
DROP  
BY  
DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE  
Distilled and Bottled by JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY  
LYNCHBURG (Pop. 399), TENN.

# Now-regardless of truck advantages of *tubeless*

AND the greatest truck tire SAVER in 21 years—**3-T CORD!**

Goodyear's exclusive 3-T Cord makes a safer, surer air chamber. And the 3-T Triple-Tempering Process also controls excess stretch, makes Goodyear tires so phenomenally durable that you get up to 30% longer tire life—even on longest, hottest runs!



## World's first COMPLETE line of tubeless truck mounting program — answers the question

Are you wondering if tubeless truck tires will cut your costs—if they're practical for *your* operation? Consider these facts:

**1. OVER A YEAR AGO**, Goodyear announced the world's first COMPLETE line of tubeless truck tires—a RIGHT tire for everything from smallest panel trucks and pickups to giant highway haulers and earth-movers.

**2. MONTHS AGO**, the truck, rim and tire industries adopted Goodyear's "Smallest-to-Largest" mounting program—the RIGHT type rim for smaller tires and the RIGHT type rim for bigger-up-to-biggest.

**3. LEADING TRUCK MANUFACTURERS** have adopted Goodyear tubeless tires and rims as standard 1956 equipment—or will provide them if specified.

**4. LEADING FLEET OWNERS** who have tried tubeless truck tires report these outstanding Goodyear tubeless advantages:

**GREATER PAY LOAD**—Lighter than regular tire, tube, flap and rim assemblies—you can take bigger *pay loads*!

**COOLER RUNNING**—Up to 25° cooler than conventional tires—means longer tire life on high-speed and heavy-duty service.

**NO TUBES TO CHAFE**—No flaps to cause trouble! This big cause of expensive down time now ended forever!

**FEWER "QUICK FLATS" AND ROAD DELAYS**—Most puncturing objects are held without air loss up to thousands of miles! You can often make repairs at end of run!

**FASTER REPAIRS**—You can often fix punctures without dismounting tires!

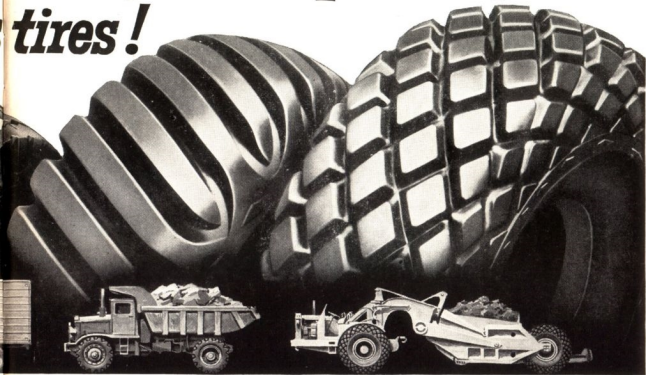
Buy and Specify

# GOOD

Tri-Seal—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK

# size, you can profit by the tires!



tires — plus Goodyear's "SMALLEST-TO-LARGEST"  
every cost-conscious trucker has been asking!

**SLOW LEAKS INSTEAD OF BLOWOUTS**—Small injuries can be quickly detected and repaired *before* costly damage.

**LONGER MILEAGE**—Same superior tread designs and tougher rubber compounds that make conventional Goodyear truck tires such cost-cutters—PLUS new *tubeless* advantages!

**MORE RECAPS**—Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord—greatest truck tire SAVER in 21 years—keeps tires in shape for more recaps than ever!

**YOU PAY NO MORE** for Goodyear tubeless truck tires than for conventional tires with tubes. Let your Goodyear dealer show you all the advantages that can be yours, starting NOW!  
Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept.,  
Akron 16, Ohio

# YEAR

TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



There is a Goodyear dealer near you. See him  
for better tire values—better tire care.

**NEW GOODYEAR RIMS PROVIDE SIMPLE,  
AIRTIGHT MOUNTING FOR ANY SIZE TUBELESS  
TRUCK OR EARTH-MOVER TIRES —**



Tire on  
Drop Center  
Rim

**New One-Piece Drop Center  
Rims**—for sizes up through 11.00  
conventional cross section.

**New Tru-Seal Rims**—for  
sizes 12.00 and up, includ-  
ing all earth-mover and  
grader sizes. This rim is  
similar to multiple-piece  
rims now in use—PLUS  
air-tight Tru-Seal rubber  
rings which compress into  
locking grooves when tire  
is mounted.



Tire on  
Tru-Seal Rim  
TRU-SEAL  
rubber  
ring

# LIBERTY MUTUAL

*The Company that stands by you*



## This man is making a new life

He was a machine operator — earning his living with his two hands. Then suddenly one day, an accident with his machine. Amputation of one hand wiped out all his years of skill. That was his discouraging situation when he came to Liberty Mutual's Rehabilitation Center. Medical science, prosthetic know-how, physical therapy and occupational therapy went to work for him. In about six weeks he returned to the job. Good work won him promotion. Now, two years after his injury, he earns even more than before. The Rehabilitation Center, part of Liberty Mutual's service to workmen's compensation

policyholders, is a big factor in preserving human values and in reducing insurance costs.



**NEW ARMS AND LEGS MADE TO ORDER.** At Liberty Mutual's Rehabilitation Centers amputees are fitted with "custom-made" artificial limbs, taught to use them so as to become self-sufficient. 80% of all these patients go back to work.



**DOCTORS AND NURSES WHO SAVE YOU MONEY.** Liberty Mutual's Loss-Prevention Medical Staff of physicians and nurses specialize in setting up in-plant medical programs. It's a very important step in cutting your compensation costs.



**INSURANCE FOR:** AUTOMOBILE, LIABILITY, FIRE, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, ACCIDENT AND HEALTH, GROUP, INLAND MARINE, OCEAN MARINE, CRIME



# "PEOPLE are the Greatest Invention Yet"

Visitor to Telephone Company exhibit says: "The man of the house came out with a new reverence for engineering. I came out with a new reverence for people."

"We went to the Telephone Company's Open House," writes Evadne Scott Beebe in the *Zion-Benton News*, "and saw the electronic brain playing tick-tack-toe."

"My husband was enthralled with the performance but I was watching the deft, well-groomed hands of the woman displaying the machine. She wore a wedding ring and I wondered about her home and family."

"After we listened to her little speech we went to a man in a brown business suit who told us how telephone bills are made out. Then a



**MANY OTHER EXHIBITS.** In addition to Open Houses at telephone companies, there are many other occasions and places where the story of the telephone is brought to you. These include fairs, lectures, moving pictures and traveling exhibits. Everyone is welcome. Bring the children, too.



**INTERESTED VISITORS**—Pat Haan, a telephone accounting clerk, explains billing machine to Mrs. Beebe and her husband. "I was so impressed with everything I saw," says Mrs. Beebe, "that I went right home and wrote a piece for our local newspaper." It's so human and friendly that we are reprinting it here.

clear-eyed young woman operated the machine for us. To be sure, it was an amazing gimmick, but not nearly so attractive as the girl who handled it so well.

"Outside we stopped by a truck with an 'earth auger' and other modern attachments. Explaining their uses was a big, jovial lineman."

"While we listened to an account of how fast the auger could dig a hole, I was looking at the man and thinking that here was the typical lineman, strong, alert, capable and kindly, a person who, in times of disaster, becomes a kind of unsung hero."

"My husband said, 'This is what I want to see,' as we went into the equipment building. Here we saw switches and relays, ringing machines, countless colored wires in patterns like quilt

blocks, and listened to technical explanations.

"That is, my husband listened. I watched the men as they talked so intelligently and wondered where they live, who cooks their meals and irons their shirts, what their problems are, and if they were ever in love."

EVADNE SCOTT BEEBE,  
*Zion-Benton (Ill.) News*

There is, indeed, a lot of wonderful equipment in telephone service. But it takes more than 740,000 Bell System men and women to bring it into being and make it work. And because more people are making more use of their telephones, the number of employees is growing all the time.

"People," as Mrs. Beebe points out, "are the greatest invention yet" in the telephone business.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



## Knighthood

When knighthood was in flower, men made some pretty uncomfortable sacrifices in behalf of formality. In fact, they made them right up to a few years ago, substituting one type of armor for another. Then suddenly the picture changed!



Part of today's richer living

Today, formal clothes have a casual elegance that combines ceremonial correctness with sport coat comfort. They are designed to keep pace with the city-country night life of the young exurbanite!

**Case in point:** This After-Six summer formal of Imported Como Silk Shantung with the double personality. The rich, nubby fabric is the height of night elegance . . . yet it is unrivalled for lightness and airy comfort. The lines are controlled . . . yet you never feel confined. You're eagle-free . . . and don't all the pretty ladies-in-waiting know it! (A variety of styles in Rayons, Dacron Blends, and Imported Silks—\$26.95 to \$75.00, slightly higher west of the Rockies and Canada.)



**Modern formal wear for modern men**

Write for Free Dress Chart by BERT BACHARACH, nation's foremost authority on men's fashions. RUDO SUMWEAR, INC., PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

## LETTERS

### The Campaign

Sir:

If the character and intelligence and dignity of Adlai Stevenson had not already convinced me of his superiority as a presidential candidate, I should certainly have come to that conclusion after looking at your April 9 News in Pictures showing silly-faced Estes Kefauver in his campaign antics. If those are the kinds of shenanigans a man has to perform in order to be nominated for the presidency, I can only say that a job more worthy of the character of a man like Stevenson ought to be created for him.

CORINNA MARSH

New York City

Sir:

I was amused reading your article regarding the Democratic hopeful multitemma. By prematurely campaigning with a health issue, the Democrats have burned a bridge in front of Senator Lyndon Johnson, the man best qualified to hold them together. It serves them right.

S. T. CLIFLIN JR.

Pittsburgh

Sir:

For high-flown snobbery, demagoguery, pure assumption, suggestion, innuendo, and thinly veneered venom, I can find no equal to Time's April 2 story "Democrats."

DOUGLAS BANKSTON

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

I was at Adlai Stevenson's house the night of the primary vote in Minnesota. You say it was to be "a black tie dinner." It wasn't. There wasn't a black tie there, and the "red tartan dinner jacket" that Stevenson wore is not a dinner jacket but a dilapidated spare coat. You say "with only his really good friends in politics invited." There were two people for supper at his house that night: Stevenson and a friend from out of town, George Ball. Stevenson's law partner Bill Wirtz and his wife arrived about 10 o'clock; later in the evening Stevenson's sister, Mrs. Ives, and a family friend arrived. These people are hardly described by your language "his really good friends in politics." For part of the evening Mr. and Mrs. Edison Dick, Barry Bingham and I (the three latter being officers of the National Stevenson for President Committee) came to the Stevenson house on our own initiative. Those were the people present, and none of them shared the

feeling you reported that "there was doubt whether he could stay in the race." We have just begun.

ARCHIBALD S. ALEXANDER

Chicago

¶ TIME's correspondent concedes that he may have misjudged the cut of Host Stevenson's jacket and the color of his bow tie, but the list of "dinner guests" was furnished by the candidate's own office—Ed.

### Catching the Buss

Sir:

There used to be a saying to the effect that "England never surrenders." Now, just look at those English ladies kissing Malenkov in your April 2 picture—even Judas Iscariot would have hesitated to buss that buzzard.

A. TAAGERPERA

Kitchener, Ont.

### Limited Travel

Sir:

It is a pity that the nine U.S. Protestant churchmen visiting Russia (March 26) could not extend their route to the nightmarish arctic hell of Vorkuta, where so many of their colleagues are practicing high treason by holding secret religious services. Is this what Metropolitan Nikolai meant when he said, "We must now forgive and forget?"

I. LILLENURM

St. Catharines, Ont.

### Painter Diplomat

Sir:

Your April 9 article is an interesting piece about a great artist and a great exhibition of his work. As such, it is typical of Time and welcome to many of your readers. However, the catalogue of the exhibition makes clear that its inspiration is *The Letters of Peter Paul Rubens* (Harvard University; \$10), translated and edited by Ruth Saunders Magurn, of the Fogg Museum.

THOMAS J. WILSON

Harvard University Press  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

We at the Fogg are certainly most thrilled with the way the April 9 Art section looks, with the two-page spread on the Rubens exhibition, which the Fogg Museum and the Morgan Library organized jointly. The col-

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TIME  
April 23, 1956

Volume LXVII  
Number 17

TIME, APRIL 23, 1956



**CLUSTER-PAK®** sells more every time she shops!

## Glim sales are up 97.5%!

B. T. Babbitt's Glim, liquid detergent—a top seller—showed 97.5% increase in sales when merchandised in Cluster-Pak multi-unit cartons.

Cure the *blends*\* . . . Stimulate impulse buying off the shelf and from quick, easy-to-stack floor displays. Give your product *grab-appeal*.

All-Kraft Cluster-Pak is a billboard at the point-of-sale. Cluster-Pak cuts retail operating costs by faster turnover and by reducing time for product pricing, shelf stocking, and check-out.

For more information on Cluster-Pak system for cans or multi-unit packaging of glass containers, write ATLANTA PAPER COMPANY, Atlanta 2, Georgia.

Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and 24 cities.

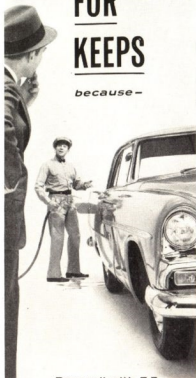
**atlanta  
cartons**

\*"Blends"—definition:  
Blurring with competi-  
tive products on the shelf!

Sound your Z...enjoy

# GAS ECONOMY FOR KEEPS

because—



Pennzoil with Z-7  
keeps engines clean

Can motor oil really increase gasoline mileage? Yes! Pennzoil with Z-7 prevents deposits from forming in combustion chambers. This eliminates power-stealing knock and ping. By keeping engines clean, this different Pennsylvania motor oil with an all-oil body makes every drop of fuel work harder, unlocks full horsepower—not for just a few miles after an oil change, but for keeps. To make the gasoline you use take you farther on every tankful, get Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil, in the exact seasonal grade for your car!



IN EVERY STATE,  
AT DEALERS WHO  
CARE FOR YOUR CAR

MEMBER PENN. GRADE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 7, OIL CITY, PA.

ored reproductions came out better than we had hoped, and the text is most informative.

ANNE V. DORT

Fogg Art Museum  
Harvard University  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

We are very pleased with the coverage given to our Rubens exhibition. Not only is the story a good one, but I think your selection of illustrations was excellent.

F. B. ADAMS JR.

Pierpont Morgan Library  
New York City

Yoknapatawpha & the U.S.

Sir:

The "I'll Choose Mississippi" statement attributed to William Faulkner [March 26] seems almost incredible. How any man in the U.S., living in the present era of supposed enlightenment, can make such a statement is beyond my power of comprehension. Mr. Faulkner is evidently one of those Americans who neither appreciate liberty, nor comprehend the meaning of it. For my part, I'll choose the U.S. Apparently Mr. Faulkner is politically still living in 1861.

FRANK CLAPP

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir:

In our troubled times over segregation, it is imperative that no man be saddled with opinions on the subject which he has never held and, for that reason, never expressed. In New York last month . . . I gave an interview to a representative of the London *Sunday Times*, who (with my agreement) passed it on to the *Reporter*. I did not see the interview before it went into print. If I had, quotations from it which have appeared in *TIME* could never have been imputed to me, since they contain opinions which I have never held, and statements which no sober man would make and, it seems to me, no sane man believe. That statement that I or anyone else in his right mind would choose any one state against the whole remaining Union of States, down to the ultimate price of shooting other human beings in the streets, is not only foolish but dangerous. Foolish, because no sane man is going to make that choice today even if he had the chance. A hundred years ago, yes, but not in 1956. And dangerous, because the idea can further inflame those few people in the South who might still believe such a situation possible.

WILLIAM FAULKNER

Oxford, Miss.

¶ Says Correspondent Russell Warren Howe, New York correspondent for the London *Sunday Times*: "If Mr. Faulkner no longer agrees with the more Dixiecratic of his statements I, for one, am very glad, but that is what he said."—Ed.

The Boy King

Sir:

Your April 2 story taught me much about my own country and its ruler. Although the American press is usually misleading when it discusses the Middle East, you have done a good job which, I believe, will help increase international understanding.

AZIZ SHIHAB

St. Louis

Sir:

It is nice to know that Hussein feels "Israel is probably there to stay." It would probably be appropriate if the boy king would search

his memory to recount the many times Israel has offered the Arabs compensation in exchange for a peace pact. To accept refugees in Israel at this stage of the game would be as unrealistic as our country's granting entry to 900,000, or even 900 Communists. As for rectifying "unrealistic borders," Israel has urged that—not in 1956, but in 1949 and on and on and on. Lip service by Arab leaders won't solve the Middle East crisis, but a positive reply to an Israeli peace offering just might do the trick.

FRANK L. SIMONS

Oak Park, Mich.

Sir:

Will you please congratulate Boris Chaliapin on his Hussein cover? The conceited, defiant "look what I've done" on Hussein's face is superb.

G. ADAMS

Toronto

Sir:

There is a proverb that "one who eats the flesh of camel inherits its basic temper." I have spent many years in Spanish Morocco, only to learn to respect the Arab temper. The wounds of the Balfour Declaration cannot be forgotten, and the Arabs would attempt to throw the Jews of Israel into the sea. And if Lieut. General Glubb was surprised at King Hussein's orders, I think he is a very small man.

DON SILICEO

London

The Southern Manifesto

Sir:

In the March 26 article, your statement that I presented a call for nullification at the caucus of Southern Senators at which the manifesto was first considered is entirely incorrect. The word nullification was not in the draft I presented and there was no such implication. Another error was in the statement that I blundered my way back on the scene after writing of the final draft. The truth is I served on the final drafting committee at the request of Senator George, who acted as chairman of the caucus. You also stated that not a Southerner rose in reply to the Northern Senators who attacked the manifesto. I spoke for the manifesto after Senator Lehman had opposed it. Since that time, several other Southerners have spoken out.

STROM THURMOND

U.S. Senate  
Washington, D.C.

Parents & Delinquents

Sir:

I was astounded, or something, to read in *TIME* [April 2] that after the New York legislature passed a bill making parents financially responsible up to \$250 for malicious property damage inflicted by their offspring, Governor Averell Harriman had vetoed the bill because it would "give to troublesome delinquents a weapon against their parents which they would not hesitate to use." Oh well, why should I or anybody be astounded about the people in New York? Isn't it in New York where parents frequently say: "I wish my son Johnny would hurry up and get old enough to go to reform school"? Isn't it in New York where they say: "It takes all kinds of people to make the underworld"?

W. A. HAMMAN

San Diego

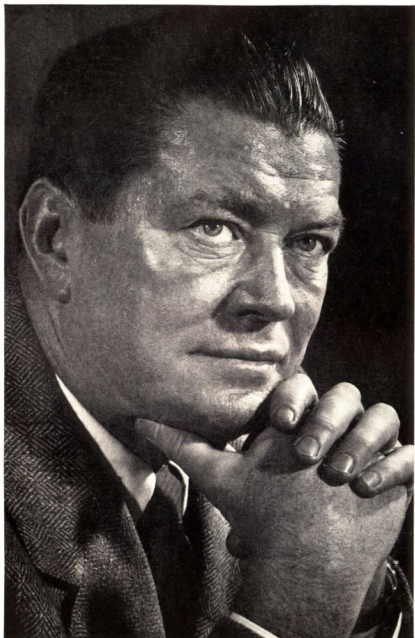
The Poujade Story (Contd.)

Sir:

I read in *TIME*, March 19, the article devoted to M. Poujade in which it is stated with astonishing certainty that my father,



# "If you want to keep the title to your success...use life insurance"



says **GENE TUNNEY**

*A director of ten national corporations,  
Former Heavyweight Boxing Champion*

"WHEN I was still a professional boxer, I was fortunate in having friends who were concerned about my future. They pointed out that large and infrequent amounts of money don't automatically bring security. On the other hand, relatively small amounts consistently set aside year after year can accomplish tremendous results.

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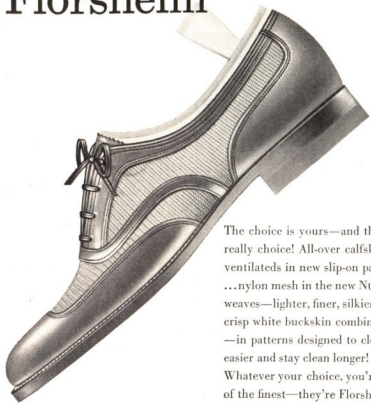
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**A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDER.** Life insurance with Northwestern Mutual is the keystone of the program Mr. Tunney has set up to safeguard the future of his family.

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Colonel de la Rocque, had been "bought" before the war "with money from the secret funds French Premiers have always used to buy off trouble (as Colonel François de la Rocque of the prewar *Croix de Feu* was bought off)." Later the qualification "fascist" was added to the term *Croix de Feu*. Such slander has always emanated from the propaganda arsenal of the Communist Party and from the extreme right wing, who represented in France the forces opposing fascist and Marxist dictatorships. I insist, then, in reestablishing the facts. The fable of "secret funds" has dishonored its inventors and certain of our adversaries are now the first to honor the memory of one who lived and died a poor man. The founder of a network of military information beginning in June of 1940—a system for which he received the thanks of the Allied general staff for the high quality of his information—my father was deported to Germany with 150 of his collaborators. Pursued by the Nazis, twice arrested by them, deported in 1943, he succumbed to the effects of that deportation; his vice president, Noël Ottavi, died at the Sandbostel concentration camp.

GILLES DE LA ROCQUE

Paris

¶ Among those testifying at the inconclusive trial which Colonel de la Rocque brought against his alleged liabelers in 1937 was ex-Premier André Tardieu, who, according to Parisian Journalist Pierre Lazareff (now director general of *France-Soir*), "stated, with considerable relish, that, as Premier, he had indeed given money to the famous Colonel. And he added that Pierre Laval had done the same. When questioned, Pierre Laval refused to admit or to deny the fact."—Ed.

## Running Into the Gutter

Sir:

Better watch what you say about this Elvis Presley cat [April 2], or you'll have all of young America, *TIME*-readers or not, down on your neck. This boy is the new god of the beanie brigade and the kiss-me-quick clique, and he's not to be spoken of lightly. Johnnie Ray was never like this; above the background screams and the thud of falling female bodies, you're hearing another Frankie Sinatra with both pop and hillbilly appeal.

ALAN C. ELMS

La Center, Ky.

Sir:

In your pop record reviews, you ran into the gutter a recording by Elvis Presley. If you think the teen-agers of this country are taking the slander you printed about our man Elvis you are sadly mistaken. Man! Elvis is the most in all us cats' books.

43 ELVIS PRESLEY FANS

Waterbury, Conn.

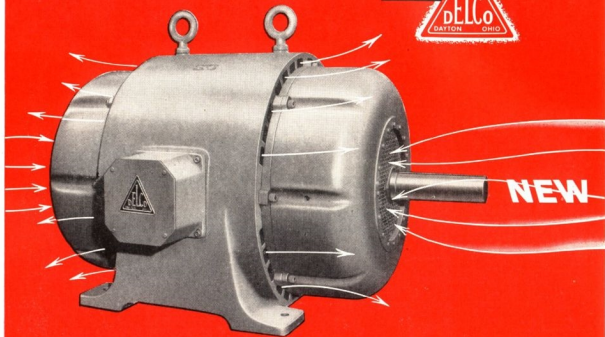
## Straight or Otherwise

Sir:

Your April 2 article on "The Incredible Yankee" is incredible—incredible indeed that Robert McLane has managed to stay out of jail. As a judge of the United States Court in Germany, who was there for six years following World War II, I could only feel contempt for fellow Americans who did so much to besmirch the otherwise splendid record of the American Occupation. McLane and others of his ilk have certainly not contributed to our prestige abroad at a time when it is sorely needed.

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# PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Dear TIME-Reader:

FROM time to time this letter has discussed you—the TIME-reader—in general. This week I should like to salute a few remote and lonely TIME-readers who read our magazine behind the Iron Curtain, often at considerable risk.

Our general circulation in the Communist world after World War II was chopped off with the suddenness of ax strokes. As the Kremlin seized control of one country after another, our circulation department went through the motions of informing readers in those countries that we were canceling their subscriptions unless otherwise notified. We were rarely notified. Early in 1949, when the Communists consolidated their hold on the Chinese mainland, our Hong Kong bureau cabled an urgent warning to stop sending TIME to some 1,450 Chinese subscribers. "Cut them off, or they'll have something else cut off," said the message. "Their subscriptions are endangering their lives."

At present, the handful of copies sent to Russia go to foreign diplomats in Moscow or to official libraries and institutes. The rugged individualists who still read TIME behind the Iron Curtain are in the satellites. Their eagerness for news of the Free World must make them hardened to danger, for they sometimes communicate with us, insist that we continue their subscriptions, and by some oversight of bureaucracy receive their copies of TIME regularly—sometimes for years.

Dean of these subscribers is a man whom we shall call Jan Zymark. Recently he wrote:

"Since ten years I am in a unique and extremely happy position, being here in —one of the few subscribers of TIME Magazine. This exceptional position I owe your understanding of my diffi-

culties . . . I don't intend to write to you, Sir, anything about the advantages of this magazine because they are worldwide known, but I must repeat the same sentence I have written you almost five years ago: TIME is for me an immeasurable source of information; in our present conditions, it is even more—it represents for me the only 'golden thread' in my monotonous and uninteresting life."

On a more hopeful note, the letter continued: "I have no possibility of sending any money for this subscription; nevertheless, I suppose that it will come a happier time, when I shall be able to send my subscription fee regularly and also pay my debt for those past years."

We join in that hope. Meanwhile, our friend's subscription will, of course, continue.

Cordially yours,

*James A. Linen*



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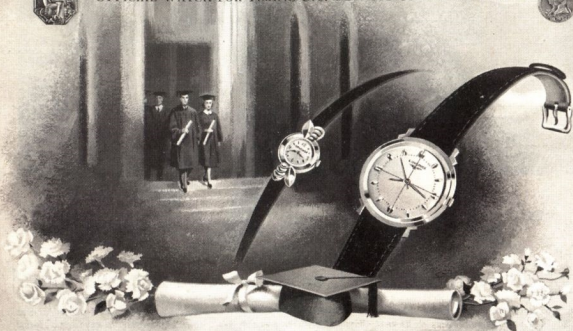
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## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Decision amid Din

While a stampeding Congress was over-running President Eisenhower on the farm issue last week, the Democrats suddenly chucked their inhibitions and, for the first time in the campaign, began directing their political fire squarely at Ike. Harry Truman called the range and fired the big salvo in his first give-'em-hell personal denunciation of the man who followed him in the White House. Other Democratic campaigners tried to make an issue out of everything they could lay a thought on—Ike's golfing, his stance at the Geneva Conference, the Soviet economic offensive, the Middle East, interest rates, the state of business, even the resignation of Eisenhower's old friend, General Alfred Gruenther, as commander of NATO.

As the political drumfire rattled through the headlines, Dwight Eisenhower was pondering one of the most critical political decisions of his presidency: Should he sign the farm bill? Or should he veto it? Many politicians—some Republicans and most Democrats—said again and again that a veto might be ruinous to the G.O.P. cause. But a signature would mean accepting a set of laws that Eisenhower has consistently opposed as economically unsound and, in the long run, bad for the farmers and for the U.S.

At week's end, after prolonged conferences with Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, the President reached a decision. In Augusta, Ga., miles away from the clamor of Washington, he decided to let principle not politics be his guide. As he headed home for Washington, Dwight Eisenhower made up his mind to veto the farm bill. This week he did it.

### AGRICULTURE

#### A Pest-Ridden Harvest

The day before the conference committee's monstrous farm bill came to a final vote in the House last week, the chamber was sealed off for a closed caucus of Republican members. "We simply cannot send this bill to the President," Massachusetts' enarled Joe Martin told the waverers among his colleagues. "It's a bad bill, and I'm sure he won't accept it." On the other side, Texas' egg-bald Sam Rayburn and other Democratic leaders were



BENSON & EISENHOWER IN AUGUSTA  
Politics v. principle.

Associated Press

telling the doubtful among the Democrats that the bill might provide the only way to get a Democrat elected President in November. A key proposition in the Democratic reasoning: if Congress should pass the bill and the President should veto it (as many Democrats expected and hoped he would), Democrats could say that the Democratic Congress handed the farmers \$2 billion and the Republican President took it away.

Next day the galleries were jammed as the House began the debate. Within minutes the floor was in an uproar as most of the members began talking or clamoring for recognition at the same time. At one point Missouri Republican Dewey Short leaped to his feet and shouted that the disorder was "absolutely disgraceful. I demand quiet!" Few heard his cry, and fewer heeded it. It was soon obvious that election-year pressures were more powerful than sound legislative judgment.

**Many Splendored.** Amid the confusion Joe Martin got the floor long enough for one last warning: "The bill as it stands is a many splendored thing, and like the current movie of the same name, is intended as a big box-office attraction. . . . We would be unworthy of our own responsibilities if we pass a bill which we know is bad, and which should not—yes, cannot—be signed."

The first vote, against a Republican leadership motion to send the bill back to conference for revision, was 238 (211 Democrats, 27 Republicans) to 181 (167 Republicans, 14 Democrats). At mid-point in the roll call the outcome was clear: Louisiana Democrat Allen Ellender, chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, strode onto the floor to thump the back of his House opposite number, North Carolina's Harold Cooley. Actual passage of the bill, 237-181, was anticlimactic. Within six hours the Senate rolled it through, 50 (35 Democrats, 15 Republicans) to 35 (31 Republicans, four Democrats), and sent it to the White House.

Passage of the contradiction-cluttered measure (TIME, April 16) was a bitter defeat for the Eisenhower Administration, which utterly lost control of farm-state Republicans. It was likewise a pest-ridden harvest for U.S. farmers. The bill would establish the Administration's soil bank (much too late in this farming year), but also would restore high, rigid price supports to work at cross purposes with the new program. Said Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson: "The bill would seek to cure the farm problem with the very measures which built up the surpluses, which lost farmers their market, and which reduced their income."

There were immediate and powerful



pressures on President Eisenhower to sign the bill. Four Republican governors from the farm belt (Iowa's Leo A. Hoegh, Kansas' Fred Hall, Nebraska's Victor E. Anderson and South Dakota's Joe Foss) got an appointment for this week at the White House to urge a signature. The 15 Republican Senators who voted for the bill, led by Kansas' Andrew Schoepel, also wanted to present their case directly to the President. For the most part, the argument of these Republicans was that,

## DEMOCRATS

### How to Give 'Em Hell

For a few heady moments last week, Democrats could close their eyes, open their ears and imagine that they were back in the good old days of 1948. Arriving in Des Moines for Iowa's Jackson Day dinner, that self-styled "political has-been," Harry Truman, grinned happily at the sight of a team of midget mules hitched to a cart that bore the sign "Wel-

come, Harry. Give 'Em Hell." Said he: "I never did give 'em hell. I just told them the truth and they couldn't stand it."

That evening, after 1,250 guests at the biggest Iowa Democratic dinner in a decade had warmed up on *Happy Days Are Here Again*, Harry rose to demonstrate for the Stevensonian moderates just how he thinks a candidate should preach the Democratic truth. "Fellow farm sufferers . . ." he began. "In 1948 we had a Republican Congress—remember, it was the notorious, do-nothing 80th Congress . . . and that Republican Congress tried to block everything the Democratic President was trying to do for the people . . . This year we have a Democratic Congress and a Republican President. And the Congress has been trying to help the farmers while the President has put roadblocks in its way . . . [Eisenhower] deserves to be rejected by the people just as the 80th Congress was, because he is a do-nothing President just as that 80th Congress was a do-nothing Congress."

"Look Behind the Mask." "Remember," said Harry, "this is Ike's record just as much as it is Ezra Taft Benson's. Secretary Benson is merely the President's hired man." His voice taking on the old whistle-stop vigor, he gave 'em more: "This is one of the most amazing records of political betrayal I have ever seen in all my years of public life . . . In 1952 General Eisenhower went all over the country handing out promises about what he would do for the farmers . . . At Brookings, S. Dak. he said: 'The Republican Party is pledged to the sustaining of the 90% of parity price support, and it is pledged even more than that to helping the farmer obtain his full parity, 100% parity . . .'" With machine-gun persistence, Truman hammered his point home. "Just remember that the next time anyone talks to you about honesty and sincerity," he said, "Just look behind the mask and remember those promises . . ."

"Another Republican depression has started on the farms . . . Already the effects are being felt in the towns and cities that draw their major support from farm families . . . You good people here in Iowa know that very well. You know that a nationwide depression can be born on the farm under Eisenhower just as well as under Herbert Hoover . . . Are you going to throw the Republicans out now or are you going to give them four more years to finish busting the farmers?"

"Corkscrewing the Truth." "No! No!" the crowd shouted fervently, and when Harry had finished, local Democratic bigwigs surged up to slap the ex-president on the back. In more than three years out of office Harry Truman had lost none of his ability to fire up the Democratic faithful—in fact the fire burned so merrily that some of his old friends in the party suspected he might be thinking of himself as a last-resort candidate.

Republicans reacted as though he were the front runner. The day after the speech Iowa's G.O.P. Chairman Don Pierson angrily accused Truman of "corkscrewing the truth" and charged that "seldom has there been a bigger collection of half-truth and misconception assembled under the roof of one mouth—even his." And from Augusta, Ga. Presidential Press Secretary Jim Hagerty declared: "I don't believe that Mr. Truman, by his own standards, can recognize accomplishment when he sees it."

### Fire at Will

Meeting by accident across the street from a Tampa cigar factory last week, the two leading contenders for the Democratic presidential nomination interrupted their Florida primary campaigns just long enough to exchange a few good-humored jeers. Spotting an unopened box of cigars in Estes Kefauver's hand, Adlai Stevenson asked in mock reproach, "You're not accepting corrupting gifts publicly?" then added, "I got corrupted ahead of you, Estes. They gave me a box at the first factory I visited."

While the two chatted, Adlai's Florida campaign manager slyly pinned a Stevenson button on Kefauver's lapel, whereupon Estes pinned a Kefauver button on Adlai. "Congratulations on joining the cause," said Kefauver, simultaneously reaching over Adlai's head to shake a voter's hand. "May the best man win—Adlai," replied Stevenson, reaching around Kefauver's middle to do some handshaking of his own.



United Press

TRUMAN IN DES MOINES  
From a self-styled has-been, the fire of machine guns.

politically and economically, a bad bill was better than none at all.

"Utterly Bad." Two national farm organizations, the Grange and the left-of-center Farmers Union, urged the President to sign. Farmers Union President James Patton shot off a sardonic telegram to the President's vacation headquarters at Augusta, Ga.: WHILE YOU ARE GOLFING IN AUGUSTA, AFTER THE NINTH HOLE OF YOUR GAME, WE HOPE THAT YOU WILL PAUSE TO GIVE SOME CONSIDERATION TO THE AMERICAN FAMILY FARMER. WE FARMERS MUST HAVE MORE MONEY IN OUR POCKETS . . . WE WANT YOU TO SIGN IT, AND THEN PICK UP THAT LITTLE WHITE TELEPHONE ON YOUR DESK AND CALL EZRA BENSON AND TELL HIM: "EZRA, YOU'RE THROUGH." But the head of the nation's biggest (1,623,000 families) farm organization, President Charles B. Shuman of the American Farm Bureau Federation, held firm against the bill. Illinois Corn-Cattle Farmer Shuman called it "utterly bad legislation—representing a strictly political approach to a very serious economic problem."<sup>\*</sup>

\* A recommendation for a "soft veto," i.e., accompanied by reassurances to farmers, came from Franklin Roosevelt's longtime (1933-40) Secretary of Agriculture, wartime (1941-45) Vice President Henry A. Wallace. Farmer Wallace added that he will vote for Eisenhower in November, "not on the farm issue but on the peace issue."



Adlai was still glowing over the outcome of the Illinois primary—probably excessively, for about all the Illinois results had demonstrated was that he could not yet be counted out of the battle for the Democratic nomination. (While Write-in Candidate Kefauver got less than 5% of the Democratic vote cast, Stevenson's total of 730,000 votes was some 20,000 less than Dwight Eisenhower got on the Republican ticket.) But despite the fact that Adlai and Estes continued to be concerned with their own Indian wrestling match, Democratic politics last week were finding a new unity in attacking the Republicans. Led off by Harry Truman (see above), they fired thus:

¶ New York's Governor Averell Harriman accused the Administration of "naïveté" in dealing with international Communism. Said Harriman: "We saw this last summer at the Geneva Conference. There President Eisenhower . . . publicly credited the new Soviet rulers with a desire for peace no less earnest than that of the West. Nothing could have served the purposes of Khrushchev more than that."

¶ Carmine De Sapio, Tammany boss and Harriman's right hand man, added: "A country-club quartet—a small clique of self-appointed and self-anointed men who have never exposed themselves to the mandate of a national election—now rules the White House and runs our nation. These men—Sherman Adams, Charles Wilson, George Humphrey and John Foster Dulles—are the Richelieus and Rasputins of 20th century America."

¶ Adlai Stevenson, attacking what he called the Republican slogan of "peace, prosperity and progress," tried a Trumanism for size: "What peace? Our peace seems to consist of a balance of terror in the world." Stevenson was appalled by the world around him. "NATO has never been so weak . . . We have no policy in the Middle East." He quoted Eisenhower as saying at the time of his second-term announcement that some of the presidential work "can now be done by my close associates as well as by myself." Said Adlai: "I could not help but think of that little rhyme: 'This would not be sinister if we had a Prime Minister.'"

¶ Estes Kefauver, beating his way through the Florida palmettos, called for Agriculture Secretary Benson's resignation. Said Estes: "I want to make it clear that my suggestions for his resignation do not stem from any attempt to get partisan political advantage. As Democrats seeking to win this fall's election, we are better off with Mr. Benson in the Cabinet. But as Americans seeking to restore our farm economy, we would be better off without him." Then Estes fired his wildest cannonade at President Eisenhower for General Alfred Gruenther's retirement as NATO commander (see below): "General Gruenther has been disappointed with the fact that in recent years there has been no effort to strengthen the NATO organization . . . I think the blame for doing nothing to build up NATO rests with the Administration and the President."

## POLITICAL NOTES

### The Tennessee Whiz

All last week Pollster George Gallup kept grasping for adjectives to describe the upsurge in Estes Kefauver's popular support. First, Gallup reported that since he last polled them a month ago the number of Democrats favoring Kefauver has jumped from 18% to 33% and the number of independents from 25% to 29%. (During the same period Stevenson supporters among Democrats had dwindled from 51% to 39% and among independents from 33% to 23%.)

Next, Gallup matched the Tennessean against the field in the South. Five months ago Kefauver was the favorite presidential candidate of only 12% of Southern Democrats, running behind both Stevenson (38%) and Georgia's Richard Russell (17%). By last week's report the figures are: Stevenson 28%, Kefauver 26%, Russell 13%. Finally, Gallup tested Estes against President Eisenhower among all voters, and found that, though Ike still has a big lead (59% to 38%), Kefauver has nonetheless made progress since February 1955, when a similar poll gave Ike 60% and Kefauver 34%. Dr. Gallup's last word: "Phenomenal."

### See How They Run

In the several states, campaign-year plants sprouted last week like crocuses in the spring sunshine:

¶ In Utah, windmill-tilting Republican Governor J. Bracken Lee, 57, who has refused to pay his 1955 federal income tax because "the Constitution says nothing about spending tax dollars in foreign lands," picked the eve of income-tax day to announce his candidacy for a third term. Almost certain to be aligned against

him are such powerful forces as educational groups, angered by the Lee economy ax, and Republican Party regulars, resentful of his attacks on the Eisenhower Administration. Despite such opposition, and a widely quoted Leecism ("No honest man would want more than one term as governor"), he goes into the campaign a slight favorite over formidable opposition in both parties. Reason: Utahans admire his bodaciousness, regard him as one of the best governors they have ever had.

¶ In Vermont, the nation's first woman lieutenant governor, Consuelo Northrop Bailey, 56, declared that she would not seek office in 1956, thereby upsetting a long-standing Vermont tradition that the lieutenant governor inevitably runs next for governor. Since flouncing into politics 30 years ago, Consuelo Bailey has handily defeated male opponents for such offices as county prosecutor, state representative, state senator, speaker of the Vermont house, and lieutenant governor. Understandably nervous male politicians noted that while last week's statement took her out of this year's gubernatorial race, it carefully avoided mention of the future.

¶ In Oregon, Interior Secretary Douglas McKay, home from Washington to start running hard for Democrat Wayne Morse's U.S. Senate seat, walked into an unexpectedly tough fight in his own party. While McKay has been winding up his Cabinet duties, Philip Hitchcock, 51, public relations director of Lewis and Clark College, has been wringing Republican hands from Hell's Canyon to Astoria, and gaining strength in rural areas where McKay has lost friends because of the Administration's power policies. "Everything will be all right," said a McKay worker confidently, "when Doug gets out and meets his old friends again."



STEVENSON & KEFAUVER IN FLORIDA  
For the leading contenders, an Indian wrestling match.

Associated Press

## ARMED FORCES

### Death in Ribbon Creek

Shortly after 8 o'clock on Sunday night, Staff Sergeant Matthew C. McKeon, favoring a pulled leg muscle, limped into the barracks of Platoon 71 at the U.S. Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S.C. As the shaven-headed Marine boots popped to attention, McKeon gazed coldly around and snapped: "Fall out in two minutes." The men—mostly 17- and 18-year-olds—grabbed for their caps and fatigue jackets, scrambled for the door, formed outside the barracks. Lean, usually soft-spoken Matt McKeon, 31, rapped out a crisp command and, using a broomstick for support on his lame side, hobbled off briskly into the moonless South Carolina night. The 74 boots of Platoon 71 followed him toward the salt tidal marshes of Parris Island, where death was waiting.

**Two Desserts.** As Parris Island drill instructors go, McKeon had been gentle with the clumsy, eager boots of Platoon 71, whom he supervised as junior D.I. under saltier, tougher-talking Staff Sergeant E. H. Huff. It was McKeon's first platoon after graduation from drill instructors' school, and he aimed to make it the honor outfit of the famed Parris Island boot camp. He encouraged the lads when they shot low scores on the rifle range ("Don't worry, you'll get the hang of it"); he patiently repeated his drill instructions until even the dullest could understand; and he conscientiously passed on to the boots the lessons of his eight years in the Marine Corps. As a machine-gun section leader in Korean combat, McKeon had learned that survival depends on discipline. He had fresh in his mind the grim stricture of the D.I. school: "Let's be damn sure that no man's ghost will ever say, 'If your training program

had only done its job.'" And McKeon saw disturbing signs in Platoon 71. "There are still men in this platoon," he fretted, "that could not have made the grade in Korea."

That Sunday morning, during a smoke break, he had found some of the recruits stretched out on the grass, even sleeping, in totally un-brooklike posture. Although it was Sunday, he had ordered a "field day"—a complete cleanup of the barracks with swab, scrub brush, creosote and yellow soap. At supper that evening the watchful McKeon had noticed that some of his boots took second helpings of dessert, despite his warning (as one recruit recalled) "against overeating sweets, especially when out on the rifle range. It makes shooting more difficult." With calm detachment, McKeon ordered another scrub-down of the already bleach-cleaned barracks, then decided to interrupt it with the night march—a form of stern discipline that had helped make a Marine out of many another boot.

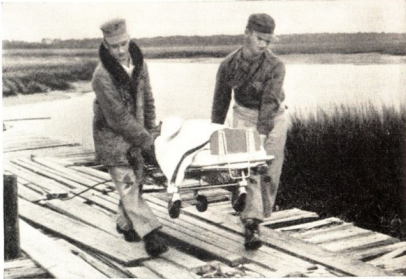
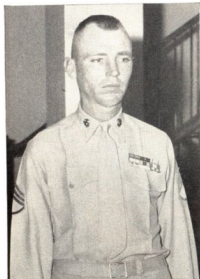
**Into the Muck.** "We're going to the boondocks," the boots muttered to each other in the darkness. The column snaked in a northerly direction across Rifle Range Baker toward Ribbon Creek, a murky, treacherous tidal stream that ranges from 100 ft. wide and 4 ft. deep at low tide to 250 ft. wide and 12 ft. deep at high tide. To reach the stream, McKeon had to lead his men across a 100-ft. border of deep black mud, carpeted by yard-high swamp grass. He did not hesitate, although he later admitted that he had "never been in the area before," a tragic lapse from the basic rule that a troop leader must know his ground. Behind McKeon, the recruits sank deep in the mud, slipping and sliding and clutching each other for support.

McKeon reached the edge of Ribbon Creek—some 3,700 ft. from the platoon's barracks—shortly after 8:30 p.m. The

tide, with its strong current, was rising. McKeon stepped from the mudbank into the chill (58°) water and turned upstream, hugging the shoreline. Turning, he called out: "Everybody O.K.?" Behind him, the marching column was floundering. Again he shouted: "Everybody O.K.?" The answer came loud: "No!" Men were deep in the mud; Recruit Raymond Delgado yelled that he was up to his chest in the muck. McKeon turned to Recruit John Michael Maloof and ordered: "Go help them out." Replied Maloof: "O.K., but let me have your stick." Using McKeon's broomstick, Maloof pulled Delgado on his way.

**"Watch the Snake!"** Moments later, McKeon took the occasion for a lecture. "Here's something to remember," he sang out. "When you're in water in combat never go out in the middle. You make a perfect target, especially on a moonlight night. Keep close to the shore. Keep moving or you will bog down." Not everyone heard him; there was too much confusion. Some of the boots tried to joke. One yelled: "Hey, something just swam between my legs!" Another found a short piece of rope and waved it, shouting: "Watch the snake! Watch the snake!"

McKeon turned left, away from the mudbank, then another left, downstream. Here the current was swift, and the column became a mass of bobbing men struggling desperately to keep their heads above water. Someone screamed for help. Then, in complete panic, there was a mad, clawing rush for the mudbank. Recruit Lew Brewer saw that big (6 ft. 3 in.) Norman Wood was in trouble. Brewer went to help, found himself pulled under water and fighting for his life against Wood's frenzied embrace. Brewer freed himself and surfaced; Wood was nowhere to be seen. Recruit Thomas Doohy dragged Donald O'Shea to sounder footing, then left to



SERGEANT MCKEON (LEFT) & MARINE SEARCH TEAM BRINGING OUT LAST BODY

"First squad, one man missing. Second squad, one man missing. Third squad, one man missing . . ."

Associated Press

General Norstad



## AN AIRMAN-BOSS FOR NATO

*Slated to succeed General Alfred M. Gruenther as supreme allied commander in Europe at year's end: General Lauris Norstad, U.S. Air Force.*

help others. That was the last time anybody saw O'Shea alive. Recruit John Edward Martinez pulled Charles Reilly shoreward to chest-deep water. Reilly gasped: "I'm O.K." Martinez left him—and Reilly disappeared. Recruit Joseph Anthony Moran (son of Actress Thelma Ritter) brought Leroy Thompson to relative safety and went out again. Thompson went under. So did little Jerry Thomas. So did Tom Hardeman, the platoon's best swimmer, who had been helping others.

**The Squads Report.** Out of the darkness came the shout of Recruit Melvin Barber: "Form a chain! Form a chain!" Half a dozen men locked arms, others seized hold. One by one, the exhausted men of Platoon 71 reached the mudbank. The last two half dragged to safety Staff Sergeant Matthew McKeon, who had worked himself to near-exhaustion trying to correct his dreadful mistake.

McKeon staggered away to report the tragedy. On his own initiative, Recruit Leader Gerald Lagone ordered Platoon 71 to fall in and report. The reports came: "First squad, one man missing." "Second squad, one man missing." "Third squad, one man missing..." At that point McKeon returned and silently led his men back to their barracks.

This week Sergeant McKeon was in the Parris Island brig and Marine Commandant Randolph Pate was back in Washington after conducting a personal on-the-scene inquiry. Congressmen cried for an investigation into the basic training methods that have made the U.S. Marine Corps an elite. And, attended by Marine honor guards, off to home cities went flanged coffins bearing the bodies of the six men that Drill Instructor McKeon's zeal and stupidity had left in the water of Ribbon Creek.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Career's End

Top U.S. correspondents to France were in Monaco, gorging at Grace Kelly and her Prince (see PEOPLE), when the North Atlantic Treaty Organization Council met in Paris last week. On the agenda was a surprise item of high importance: a letter from President Eisenhower to Lord Ismay, NATO secretary-general, asking that General Alfred Maximilian Gruenther (TIME, Feb. 6) be released from duty as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe near the end of 1956. Gruenther's retirement from his NATO post and active service in the U.S. Army was assigned to "personal considerations." The council agreed with "great regret," asked Ike to name a U.S. successor. The President's choice: U.S. Air Force General Lauris Norstad (see box).

The little group of newsmen who traipsed into the Palais de Chaillot an hour later found Gruenther looking tired and hollow-eyed. But he flatly denied that ill health was ending a brilliant 37-year Army career that took him up to be chief of staff to General Mark Clark in World War II, to be SHAPE chief of staff under Eisenhower in 1951 (and under Ike's suc-

**Born:** March 24, 1907 in Minneapolis, of Norwegian-Swedish stock, the son of a hard-working U.S.-born Lutheran minister.

**Education:** High school in Red Wing, Minn. (pop. 10,645); planned to study law, but became interested in the Army when he tagged along with his father to Fort Riley, Kans. on church business; graduated 130th (weak in science and mathematics) in the 1930 class at West Point; went off to flight training in the Army Air Corps.

**Early Career:** Assigned to duty in Hawaii, he was tapped for staff duty before he had a chance either to command a squadron or gather the service and flight time necessary for B-17 pilot rating. He was assistant chief of staff for Air Intelligence when the U.S. entered World War II, became one of the Air Corps' youngest brigadier generals at 36. Because he looked even younger than he was, he had to learn to endure gibes about his age; once while in Tunisia, in mufti, he was ordered by a chicken colonel to hustle up a drink, complied gracefully.

**World War II:** In February, 1942, G-2's Norstad was called to the office of General "Hap" Arnold, thought he was about to be bawled out for an argument with a senior general, instead was told: "What I need is someone to help me do my thinking. That's your job now." With that mandate Norstad became the Air Forces' hottest young planner, helped map the air-war plan that placed emphasis first on the European theater, then on the Pacific. He was air-operations officer for the Twelfth Air Force under Jimmy Doolittle in the North African campaign. Of his service in North Africa, General Dwight Eisenhower later wrote: "[He] so impressed me with his alert-

ness, grasp of problems, and personality that I never thereafter lost sight of him." In 1944 he became Arnold's chief of staff in the Twentieth Air Force, helped direct the unprecedented, long range B-29 raids, including the first A-bomb drops on Japan.

**Postwar:** At the insistence of Army Chief of Staff Eisenhower, Airman Norstad was named War Department director of plans and operations. While Air generals and Navy admirals brawled in public, Norstad and the late Admiral Forrest Sherman quietly conferred, arrived at agreement on service unification. Norstad became Air Force operations chief in 1947, went to Germany in 1950 as commander in chief of the U.S. Air Force in Europe, was named Al Gruenther's deputy air commander in July, 1953. At NATO Norstad shaped atomic strategy, built up the air base network-communications system and radar-warning service.

**The Man:** A slim, long-legged six-footer, boyish-faced Larry Norstad seems shy and retiring, takes an occasional drink, detests cocktail parties. Of his job as NATO commander, a longtime friend says: "The social duties will be the toughest part of the job for him." Norstad smokes a pipe (or, sometimes, Turkish cigarettes), and when in Washington likes to argue law with Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter. His mind, says a former Air Force colleague, is like "a precision instrument." Norstad lives in an 18th century French villa with his wife Isabelle and 18-year-old daughter Kristin. When he relieves able Al Gruenther and becomes the first SACEUR airman he must show, in addition to his proved abilities as a military planner, a great—but still unproved—talent as a public diplomat.

cessor, Matt Ridgway), to be Supreme Allied Commander in 1953. Said Al Gruenther: "I've played tennis three times this week, and intend to win another match tomorrow." He was going to retire at the age of 57, he said, because "I entered military service as an officer on Nov. 1, 1918. I was a lieutenant for 16½ years. I kept wondering why people at the top didn't retire, why they had to stay on until the last minute. Now I find that I have been

a general officer for 14 years. It has been occurring to me for well over a year that I should move over and make room for younger men."

Gruenther was vague about his post-retirement future. "I have no personal plans and no ulterior motives," he said. "I have refrained religiously from looking for a job." Then, with a familiar flash, he added: "But I'm certainly not going to grow cauliflowers."

## Peace Without Arms

Before the President boarded the *Columbine* for a two-hour flight toward his Georgia vacation last week, he called Secretary of State John Foster Dulles into a 30-minute huddle over the rapidly tightening tension between Egypt and Israel in the Middle East. Together they blocked out a statement of the U.S. position. Ike mulled it over again as he flew south, ordered it issued (and copies sent to Israel and Egypt) after checking over a final draft in his vacation office at the Augusta National Golf Club.

Under its United Nations obligations,

together with the British and French under the Tripartite Declaration of 1950, as circumstances require.

Beyond these explicit points, the statement clearly implied another: the Eisenhower Administration has made up its mind not to sell substantial amounts of arms to Israel, because it does not believe that a step-up in Israeli armed might is a solution of the problem of keeping peace in the Middle East—any more than the Communist arms for Egypt solved it. The real solution—if there is one—lies in the U.N. appeal, and beyond that, in Ike's promise that no aggressor will go unpunished and no victim of aggression unaided.



Aviation News Pictures

RUSSIAN REDEFECTORS EXPLAINING FOR MOSCOW  
"Siberia is still Siberia."

said the statement, the U.S. will "oppose any aggression in the area . . . within constitutional means." Likewise the U.S. is "determined to support and assist any nation which might be subjected to such aggression [and] is confident that other nations will act similarly in the cause of peace."

Although the statement was only 140 words long and was issued in Eisenhower's typically low-key manner, it was an important definition of U.S. policy for the Middle East. First, it put U.S. support squarely behind the U.N. as the best instrumentality for keeping the peace in the area, and did so at the strategic time when U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld was flying east to work toward a cease-fire between Israel and Egypt (see FOREIGN NEWS). Moreover, the support for U.N. implied that the U.S. would expect help from Moscow (in not using its veto power on the Security Council) if Moscow really wants to keep the peace.

If U.N. efforts should fail, and war should break out, the statement promised that the U.S. would take action against the aggressor. But the U.S. is reserving its freedom to act alone, or to-

## Five Who Left

On a cold and rain-swept day last week, five young Russian refugee sailors were hustled into New York International Airport by a squad of 20 Russian agents and put aboard a plane for Moscow. In their incomplete and faltering English, the refugees assured U.S. immigration officials that they were returning to Communism "voluntarily." For waiting U.S. welfare workers, who had given them a start in a new country, the young Russians had no words to explain their defection. "There was not a glimmer of recognition," one of the welfare workers said. "One of them turned to look at us, and then all the guards turned to stare at us. After that, they never looked in our direction. We could hardly believe it when we saw the boys going up the ramp to the plane."

**Love of Planning.** The Russians first defected from Communism when their ship, the oil tanker *Tuapse*, was seized by the Chinese Nationalists in the Formosa Strait about 20 months ago. No fewer than 20 of the *Tuapse's* 49-man crew took political asylum in Formosa, and nine moved on last fall to New York

City. Church World Service met the sailors, gave them American clothing, medical care and spending money, arranged for them to get factory jobs, meet other Russian refugees, attend English-language studies at Columbia University, as they chose. Three of the Russians lived at the university's International House, where they talked about hard work and buying U.S. cars, dated American girls and impressed new-found friends by their delight in "planning things." "They had attacks of homesickness," said Dr. William Cullen Bryant, their instructor at Columbia, "but then many students do."

In midwinter the young Russians were tracked down in Manhattan by the Communist secret police. The Communists pleaded, threatened and produced phony letters from home. "This letter was supposed to be from my mother," one of the Russians remarked scornfully, "but she can't write." Watchful U.S. agents felt sure that all the Russians would hold out, reported one sailor's remark about the current destalinization campaign: "Siberia is still Siberia." But days later that sailor and four of his comrades were gone; four stayed on in the U.S. in seclusion, but the U.S. knew that at least one of them was under continuing Communist pressure.

**Freedom to Go.** "Technically the Immigration Service was not wrong to let the sailors depart," said the International Rescue Committee's Angier Biddle Duke, "but humanly this handling was a mess." Welfare workers thought that Immigration should have stalled the Russian departure on a pretext, e.g., the Russians had not made out income tax returns, so that the U.S. could find out whether they were victims of coercion. Immigration replied that freedom for an alien to go home is one of the freedoms of the U.S., and that the Russians had not complained of coercion.

While angry words reverberated through the tense refugee communities, IRC commissioned one of its directors, Major General William ("Wild Bill") Donovan, to gather a new committee and investigate the growing problem of defection (TIME, April 9). One good starting question: How can five Russian sailors be bulldozed by Russian agents in the middle of the largest city of the U.S.?

## THE CONGRESS

### Cloak & Naggers

The Central Intelligence Agency's privileged hush-hush irritates many a Congressman, and Montana's well-meaning Senator Mike Mansfield had little difficulty in finding 34 co-sponsors last January for his resolution proposing a joint congressional watchdog committee over CIA. Said Mansfield thoughtfully: "If we accept this idea of secrecy for secrecy's sake, we will have no way of knowing

✶ Whose great-grandfather was first cousin to Poet William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) of *Thanatopsis* fame.



whether we have a fine intelligence service or a very poor one."

Last week, when the bill came up for debate, Mansfield ran into a cold stone wall. Georgia's Dick Russell lamented that secrets told Senators in executive session generally trickle to the press. Although they are ordinarily no friends of the Administration, Missouri's Stuart Symington and Kentucky's Alben Barkley, both National Security Council members under Harry Truman, went along with President Eisenhower's view that CIA is "too sensitive" to be watched. By the time the bipartisan opposition had finished, ten sponsors had backed out on Mansfield, and the Senate, 59-27, turned down his resolution.

## SUPREME COURT

### Undue Process

Brooklyn College's Professor Harry Slochower was an evasive, smart-aleck witness before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. When Slochower, teacher of German and literature and an authority on Thomas Mann, appeared before the subcommittee in 1952, he was asked, for example, if he could identify any members of the Communist Party. Retorted Slochower: "I am sure Joe Stalin is a member." Slochower invoked the Fifth Amendment three times in refusing to say whether he had been a Communist in 1940 and 1941. He was fired by Brooklyn College under a New York City charter provision that requires automatic dismissal for all city employees who plead the Fifth Amendment. Last week, in a 5-4 decision, the U.S. Supreme Court declared Slochower's dismissal invalid.

Said the majority opinion, written by Justice Tom Clark: "At the outset we must condemn the practice of imputing a sinister meaning to the exercise of a person's constitutional right under the Fifth Amendment . . . The privilege against self-incrimination would be reduced to a hollow mockery if its exercise could be taken as equivalent either to a confession of guilt or a conclusive presumption of perjury."

Clark's sweeping language was interpreted by many as a far-ranging decree on the touchy Fifth Amendment issue. Actually, the decision had narrow application. It dealt only with the New York City charter provision—and only to the extent that Slochower had not been given a hearing and had, therefore, been denied due process of law. The opinion (Chief Justice Earl Warren and Justices Hugo Black, Felix Frankfurter and William O. Douglas concurring) was, in fact, careful to point out: "This is not to say that Slochower has a constitutional right to be an associate professor of German at Brooklyn College. The state has broad powers in the selection and discharge of its employees, and it may be that proper inquiry would show Slochower's continued employment to be inconsistent with a real interest in the state."

Brooklyn College announced that it

would follow the Supreme Court decision by reinstating Slochower (making him eligible to receive about \$30,000 in back pay), then promptly suspend him on new charges of "untruthfulness and perjury."

## THE SOUTH

### Unscheduled Appearance

To Birmingham's Municipal Auditorium, where stage groups may be mixed but, under city ordinance, not the audience, came 4,000 whites one evening last week to hear a variety troupe one-nighting through the South with Negro Singer Nat "King" Cole featured. For the

were joined by a sixth, found in a parked car outside the hall guarding two rifles, a blackjack and brass knuckles.

As Cole limped offstage, the curtain rustled shut and Comedian Gary Morton edged out to explain that Cole could not continue. Cried a down-front customer: "Ask him to come back so we can apologize." Cole nervously reappeared, and got a five-minute ovation. "I just came here to entertain you," he said when the applause died. "That's what I thought you wanted." Shouted the audience: "We do, we do. Sing, sing." But the evening was shattered. "Man, I love show business," said Cole backstage, "but I don't want to



KING COLE AFTER ATTACK IN BIRMINGHAM  
"I just came here to entertain you."

Harry Cook—Birmingham News

musky-voiced baritone, born Nathaniel Adams Coles in Montgomery, this was almost a home-town audience; he spiced *Autumn Leaves* with an extra lilt, then crooned into *Little Girl*. With the second chorus came pandemonium.

Somewhere in the auditorium there was a wolf howl. Then down the aisles, feet thumping the wooden floor, bounded five men. They dashed past rows of seated spectators, crossed the ten feet between front row and stage and jumped the four-foot parapet. One swung on Cole and sent him reeling onto the piano bench, which split under him.

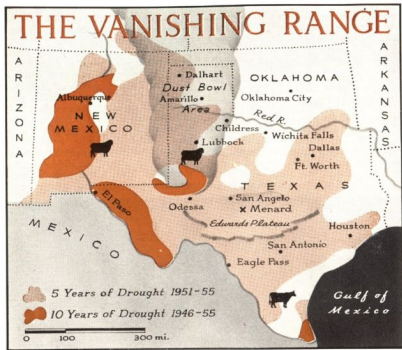
**Brass Knuckles.** Police had been tipped that a demonstration was coming, but they thought the demonstrators would use steps at the ends of the stage. Temporarily caught off base, the cops rushed in from the wings. One attacker, twisting Cole's foot, was wrestled until he let go; another swung on one of the cops and got a night stick across the head. Then eight cops armlocked the five out of the hall while Ted Heath's 18-piece British orchestra valiantly played *America* (also the tune of *God Save the Queen*) as order was restored. In jail the five men

died for it." After resting in his dressing room, he hurried through a second performance for Negroes, then flew to Chicago for a checkup. He rejoined the troupe three shows later to play to a packed house in Raleigh, N.C.

**"Irresponsible Forces."** Birmingham police found out that the attack on Cole had been planned four days before in a filling station in Anniston, 60 miles from Birmingham. According to the plan, a mob of 150, led by an officer of the North Alabama Citizens' Council, was to have stormed the auditorium and kidnapped Cole. Only the six showed up. So serious was the police view of the affair that two were charged with assault with intent to commit murder, the four others on lesser counts of conspiracy.

Most Birmingham residents agreed with the *Post-Herald* that the attack on Cole was "a warning to all of us that dangerously irresponsible forces are here, which, if given quarter, can result in nothing good for the community . . . If we are to have an orderly society, we must first have respect for law. Those who trample it underfoot must be made to feel its certain penalty."





## TEXAS

### The Unhappy Land

Down from the snow-covered Rockies shrieked a chill gale one day last week, sucking up the powder-dry top soil of southeastern Colorado, tossing clods and pebbles across the cracked farm lands of the Oklahoma and Texas panhandles, blasting at the withering roots of range lands through central Texas, and blowing on out across the Gulf of Mexico. Across the prairie dust clouds boiled up as high as 20,000 feet in the worst dust storm since the black days of 1936.

Within 24 hours the dust was gone again and the storm had passed into dry statistics. But beneath the deceptive electric-blue sky that followed, the haunting problem of drought remained—a problem hanging over an unhappy land, so different from the prosperous U.S. around it that it cares not a whit for the stock market, even less for the talk of parity prices and federal price supports. The heart of the unhappy land is Edwards Plateau, a sheep-and-cattle-grazing area the size of Maine, in south central Texas. Here, day by day, month by month, through five, six, even ten years, the drought has inexorably tightened its grip until economic survival has become a grim, ceaseless battle for ranchers and businessmen alike.

"We're the Backbone." Melvin Wilhelm is a lean, saddle-brown man who has lived all of his 50 years on Edwards Plateau and runs a sheep and cattle ranch near the little town of Menard (pop. 2,000). Last week Wilhelm looked out across the gaunt and tortured hills of his range and stubbornly set his jaw.

"Most of us are damn fools," he said slowly. "We keep a-fightin' and a-hopin'

it will rain, because there was a time they used to compare this country with the limestone country in Kentucky. There was a time you couldn't buy land in Menard County. The only way to get it was to marry it or inherit it. So we've got to stick with it. We're the backbone of the ranchers. We're not the Texans who got rich on oil. And we never had the big spreads of land. But we're not sharecroppers, either. In normal years, a man could make between \$3,500 and \$20,000 on land like this."

Wilhelm runs 650 sheep and 51 head of cattle on his four sections and another thousand acres of rented pasture land, a spread that would normally carry from 1,000 to 1,100 sheep and from 125 to 150 cattle. When the drought took hold in earnest back in 1950, Wilhelm played it smarter than some of his neighbors, sold off his herds to prevent overgrazing, used the cash to buy feed for the animals he kept. Today it costs him a money-losing \$12 a year to feed each cow, \$2 to feed each sheep.

"Breaks My Heart." Since 1951 Wilhelm has operated his ranch at a net loss of from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year. "I really don't see how we're going to pay off our land, at least not in our generation," says his wife, Grace. A calm, friendly woman of 43, she does the work of a hired hand at lambing time, philosophically shrugs off such things as the fact she has never been able to buy carpets for the concrete floors of their ranch home. "The thing that breaks my heart," she says, "is the death of the live oaks. They've been hundreds of years growing, and now they're dying. We'll never see them again in our lifetime."

Over much of the plateau, other ranch-

ers are worse off than the Wilhelms. One rancher who had \$90,000 in the bank and ran from 6,000 to 7,000 sheep and 350 cattle in 1950 has seen his herds dwindle to half that size, his bank account vanish. Overall, the sheep population is down to 25% of its 1946 level, the cattle population to less than 15%. Fences sag, corrals go unpainted, farm houses unpainted, equipment unprepared.

"We'll Be Here." Today Edwards Plateau is living on its bankers. Far from stepping up the foreclosures, the bankers and loan companies extend more and more credit. Says a director of the Bevens State Bank in Menard: "Menard County has borrowed more money in the last twelve months than in the nine years before that. But the loan companies and the bankers are going to stay with the rancher as long as he's out there trying."

Meanwhile Menard, Melvin Wilhelm's nearest town, is becoming a village of oldsters. Its population has dropped more than 25% since 1950 and is still dwindling, as the youngsters go off to aircraft plants at Dallas and Fort Worth, to the oilfields at Odessa, Texas and Hobbs, N.Mex., or to the colleges and state universities. Menard's buildings stand empty, their dirty windows staring blankly into the quiet street, and in some blocks only a single house is occupied. Two years ago the Santa Fe Railroad discontinued passenger service, and the Kerrville bus no longer makes a regular stop.

Suppose this spring the rains should come? Melvin Wilhelm shrugs.

"You'd have to have at least three good years to get your turf back, to build up your herds, get your fences and financing straightened out," he says. "We've been going backwards a long time. It will take a long time to get moving forward again. But when the good years come we'll be here. You can be sure of that."



Jim Howard—San Angelo Standard Times  
RANCHERS GRACE & MELVIN WILHELM  
All this and the live oaks too.

## MIDDLE EAST

### Stopping Small Wars

At the very moment U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjöld started his delicate peacemaking mission in the Middle East, the U.S. gave him a tremendous boost on his way. In a pivotal policy statement issued last week at Augusta, Ga., President Eisenhower pledged "support in the fullest measure" for Hammarskjöld and for the whole principle of working through U.N. to prevent a new Palestine war. With such emphatic backing, as well as a mandate from the U.N. Security Council, Hammarskjöld went into action last week clothed with far greater authority than that of a skilled international bureaucrat



Larry Burrows—Life

ELDER STATESMAN CHURCHILL  
Israel will not lose by waiting.

trying to be helpful. The first results were promising.

He began by getting the Egyptian and Israeli Premiers to agree to honor the 1949 armistice clause prohibiting any "warlike acts" against each other. Flying into Cairo just as Dictator Gamal Abdel Nasser launched reprisals against Israel for the bloody cannonade at Gaza (TIME, April 16), he achieved a stoppage in the fighting within 24 hours (see below). Though Hammarskjöld himself was characteristically uninformative in public, Cairo reported that he won Nasser's agreement to a plan for reducing border tensions, mainly by creating a buffer zone extending 550 yards on either side of the frontier, within which U.N. military representatives would patrol. Israel's Premier David Ben-Gurion had turned down such an idea of Nasser's before, but now was reported agreeable. From Ben-Gurion, Hammarskjöld next wanted a written pledge that no troops would be ordered across Israel's frontiers.

Involving Russia. The U.S. decision to give Hammarskjöld emphatic backing was a new and unexpected turn. It was more than just a playing for time while the Western powers figured out what to do next. At first London cheered Eisenhower's message unreservedly, reading it as a sign that the U.S. was at last taking a properly urgent view of the Middle East crisis. A second reading brought misgivings: in taking the issue to U.N., President Eisenhower was by omission downgrading the 1950 Tripartite Declaration by which Britain, France and the U.S. agreed to take immediate "action both within and outside the United Nations," against any violations of the Palestine armistice lines.

Invoking the Tripartite Declaration at this point was in fact no pleasant prospect. In effect, it might involve moving U.S. airmen and marines into the Middle East and telling them, "Get set to go into battle. We'll let you know shortly which side you'll be fighting." But the key reason for relying instead on the U.N. (though the State Department would not say so) appeared to be a desire to bind Russia to help keep the peace. Russia is already involved irresponsibly in the Middle East by the sale of arms to Egypt; the need was now to involve her responsibly in the Middle East as well, by making her one of the guarantors of peace.

Pundit Walter Lippmann, who rarely finds much to cheer in the Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy, called the new policy "surely right." Wrote Lippmann: "The threatened Palestinian war is just the kind of war that the U.N. is designed to prevent. The U.N. recognizes in the veto provision the fact that if the great powers themselves are in direct conflict, the U.N. can do nothing more than attempt to conciliate. But where only small powers are involved, it is possible to limit if not to prevent war, provided the Big Five concur. Working through the U.N. . . . fixes the fact that the Soviet Union has a solemn responsibility for the prevention of war. It is the part of wisdom not to have the Soviet Union operating from the outside and with a free hand, publicly accountable to no one."

Despite the depths of hatred in the Middle East, the conviction spread at week's end that both Egypt and Israel would find an advantage in pledging good behavior to Dag Hammarskjöld. But how long would such a guarantee last? The British believe that the eventual danger is from Egypt, once it has absorbed and mastered its Communist weapons, but that the immediate threat is from an Israel tempted to start something before that day comes.

Assuring Israel. Last week, breaking nearly a year's silence on world events, 81-year-old Sir Winston Churchill sought to assuage Israel's fears. Said he, with a flash of his old rhetoric: "If Israel is dissuaded from using the life force of their

race to ward off the Egyptians until the Egyptians have learned to use the Russian weapons with which they have been supplied and the Egyptians then attack, it will become not only a matter of prudence but a measure of honor to make sure that they are not the losers by waiting."

Churchill also sought to assure a Conservative Party audience that "a wise and experienced" American people have learned from history, and would act to preserve peace. "They know well that both the great wars which have darkened our lives and disheveled the world could have been prevented if the U.S. had acted before they began." In the end, said Sir Winston, "I think we can be sure that the U.S. as well as the United Kingdom will



PUNDIT LIPPMANN  
Russia must be made accountable.

intervene to prevent aggression by one side or the other. For my part, I put my trust in President Eisenhower that he will make the will power of America felt clearly and strongly—and felt in time."

### Eye for an Eye

It was just after dusk, and 46 skull-capped youngsters stood at their evening prayers in the synagogue of the Shafrir village farm school just outside Tel Aviv. They prayed: "If any design evil against me, speedily make their counsel of no effect and frustrate their designs. Do it for the sake of Thy . . ."

From outside came the sound of a scuffed foot. The door burst in with a crash; the lights went out. It was the *fedayeen* (self-sacrificers), members of specially trained Arab assassin squads, who had crept north from the Egyptian-held Gaza strip. Submachine guns thundered in the room, and ten-year-olds went down in windrows. Three boys and a teacher died

almost instantly; three others fell badly wounded. Others jumped out of windows, took shelter in a ditch. The killers fled. It was minutes before a teacher broke open the lock on the school telephone and called police.

**"Surrender, Donkeys."** The raid was the deadliest of many launched last week by *fedayeen* irregulars as Egypt and Israel verged on war across the tensest frontier in the world. Nine Jews were killed, more than 50 were injured in some 30 reported attacks. The raiders, mainly Palestinian Arabs recruited from the Gaza border camps (and not technically in the Egyptian army), struck hardest in the coastal plain, always at night. No citizen of the tiny republic was safe from the "Nights of Horror," as Cairo's newspaper *Al Akhbar* jubilantly headlined the raids, and never was a U.S. diplomat's remark more terrifyingly apt: "Every Israeli sleeps within 20 miles of an Arab knife."

On the lonely road to Beersheba, Egypt's assassins killed a truck driver, set fire to his truck and wounded his woman companion. One gang penetrated to the heart of Ashkelon, ancient marketplace of the Philistines, and threw two grenades into a house packed with Yemenites gathered to celebrate the engagement of a young couple. An old woman was killed as she cradled in her arms her year-old grandson, who was unhurt. Another group of terrorists ambushed a bus

on the main Tel Aviv-Jerusalem highway, wounding six. One *fedayeen* returned to Gaza to tell Egyptian newsmen how his team was surrounded by Israelis after blowing up a power station. "We heard voices calling: 'Surrender, donkeys.' We threw our grenades. We did not surrender, but they surrendered their lives."

**"Oh, How I Wish."** From the first ambush, the Israeli army and police played a grisly game of hide-and-seek with the infiltrators. Clues were stiffening bodies, blown-up irrigation pipes, wrecked rail lines, burnt-out cars and trucks—a trail of death running between the fields of ripening corn, blossom-scented orange groves, drying creek beds and shifting dunes, to the shallow trench that divides Israel from the refugee-jammed Gaza strip. The Israelis killed eleven, captured four. One patrol stalked a returning assassin team for 18 hours, killed all five "self-sacrificers" as they hid in a clump of trees between Rehovoth and the border. Those captured proved no supermen. They said they had been trained in Cairo, dispatched on their murderous errands by the Egyptian army intelligence chief at Gaza. Moaned one 18-year-old: "My father owns a tobacco shop, and he begged me not to become a *fedayeen*. Oh, how I wish I had listened to him."

At midweek Dictator Nasser's Radio Cairo broadcast that the *fedayeen* raids had been ordered in "revenge" for last

fortnight's Israeli artillery bombardment of a village in the Gaza strip, in which 59 civilians were killed. It said that the raids were over, and Egypt's 300 *fedayeen*, except for ten lost in action, had all returned to base. Even the Israelis recognized that if this was the sum of Nasser's eye-for-an-eye reprisal, it was certainly not the sort of counter-measure that would lead to war. The Egyptian radio had hardly spoken before the *fedayeen* staged their last brutal assault at the Shafrir synagogue.

**Jets in Time.** In Israel such was the anger in government offices and in the streets that the next night might well have seen a full-dress Israeli attack on the Gaza strip or at least on the *fedayeen* training camp at Khan Yunis. But the touchiest moment in a touchy week passed. The Hammarskjöld mission was applying pressure. Israel's militant Premier Ben-Gurion behaved with restraint. At precisely this moment, moreover, Israel's air force gave the Jews something to crow about. Two jet fighters caught four Egyptian planes over the Negev desert and shot down one, a British-made Vampire jet. The pilot was captured and triumphantly handed over to U.N. trucekeepers. In the streets men threw their hats in the air and cheered.

By week's end a tense stillness had settled down over the Gaza front, and Israelis, suddenly sensing that the worst was temporarily over, hung out more flags in Jerusalem on the eve of their eighth independence day. But none could be sure yet whether Israel would be celebrating its independence this week, or fighting for it.

## INDIA

### Irritating Admiration

Nothing irritates India's fastidious Prime Minister Nehru more than the tasteless and insistent hero worship heaped upon him by the Indian masses. Admirers who bend to touch his sandaled feet are often rewarded with a gentle kick; officials who prepare fancy receptions may find themselves denounced as "wasters of the people's time and money." Last week in the modest farming town of Hubli, in southwestern India, Nehru sat contentedly on a bamboo-railed platform, swatting flies while the chairman introduced him to the crowd of 2,000. Glowingly, the speaker described the guest of honor as "a man of great heart and unsurpassed wisdom."

Nehru leaped from his chair, seized the welcoming speech from the chairman's hand and tossed it toward the crowd. "Let's stop this disgusting thing henceforth," he said angrily. "I do not want to hear my own praise. I have no time for that sort of thing. I am interested in what you are doing." As the chairman slunk back to his chair, the astonished crowd muttered its approval. The story, told over and over again across India, was the kind that in the past has always brought Nehru not less, but more, hero worship.



ISRAELI TROOPS & SLAIN "FEDAYEEN" RAIDERS  
Every Israeli sleeps within 20 miles of an Arab knife.

International



Cummings—London Daily Express

"COMRADES—YOUR RED CARPET IS READY"  
K. & B. may come to tea, but leave the cameras behind.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Company Coming

"Now you simply must come and visit us next summer."

These are words which many an impulsive householder off on vacation has lived to regret. Ever since Sir Anthony Eden, in the cosy aftermath of the Summit Conference at Geneva last July, issued such an invitation to Soviet Bigwigs Khrushchev and Bulganin, the chill British air has been filled with regrets and forebodings. A powerful faction in the Tory Party, led by Lord Salisbury, Eden's own longtime guide and mentor, was against the idea almost from the beginning. Others joined in after Khrush and Bulky made their circus tour of India and Burma, spraying gratuitous insults at Britain. Snapped that professional angry man Lord Vansittart, longtime head of Britain's Foreign Service: "May I repeat for the ninth time what I said so often in Hitler's day—those who ask to be deceived must not grumble if they are gratified." There was even talk of canceling the invitation, but cooler heads persuaded everyone that if Whitehall really put its talents to being coolly cordial, even old Siberia hands would get the idea.

Eden himself hankered for a chance to practice his favorite form of democracy, frank man-to-man chats with one's adversaries, free from publicity and protocol. He wanted to remind K. & B. that Middle East oil is now Britain's lifeline, and a war there could not be localized—because Britain would enter it. He wanted to assure them that the Western alliance cannot be splintered, and to suggest that the true test of Soviet eagerness for coexistence would be its willingness to abandon subversion abroad. He had filled much of K. & B.'s schedule with opportunity for cozy seminars. Though they would also have a chance to see the ballet, a few old castles and a factory or two, great care was being taken that their audience with the Queen should not be photographed, lest the Russians later misuse the pictures in colonial Africa.

In February Khrushchev and Bulganin reluctantly agreed to this tight little schedule, but changed their minds after

seeing how successful pudgy Georgy Malenkov was on his recent glad-hand tour of Britain. Last week from Moscow the official Russian news agency Tass angrily expressed dissatisfaction: "The Soviet leaders lay great significance on their forthcoming talks with leaders of the British Government . . . But at the same time they would greatly like to meet the ordinary people working in factories and other enterprises . . . Apparently there are some forces in Britain who do not wish to permit wider contacts between Soviet leaders and the British population."

"Rather unusual sort of way to do business," replied Anthony Eden in the House of Commons—but he refused to change his plans. For a moment the Russians themselves thought of calling off the visit. Then they thought better of it: after all, they would be able to find plenty of chances to crash through to the public.

As K. & B. set forth from Kaliningrad (née Königsberg) on the cruiser *Ordzhonikidze*, Scotland Yard completed its survey of more than 200 Russian and satellite exile groups, to make sure that none of their more ardent spirits would have a chance to take a potshot at the visitors.

### Hot Day

France's 19th century Impressionist Painter Berthe Morisot (sister-in-law of Edouard Manet) had little or nothing to do with Ireland's ages-long fight for freedom. She was merely one of many painters whose works were fancied by the wealthy Dublin connoisseur and art dealer, Sir Hugh Lane. But Ireland's grievances against Great Britain are many, and not the least of them concern the French impressionist pictures that once belonged to Sir Hugh.

They number 39 in all, including Renoir's famed, gentle *Les Parasolles*, and the small (17½ in. by 29 in.), amiable boating scene *Jour d'Été* (Summer Day) by Berthe Morisot. A will drawn in 1913 by Sir Hugh, then director of Ireland's National Gallery, left the pictures to England. But before he went to his death aboard the torpedoed *Lusitania* off Cork in 1915, Sir Hugh added a codicil to his will giving the pictures to Ireland, provided that it built a suitable gallery for

them within five years. The codicil was not witnessed, so it had no legal validity. But from the moment of Sir Hugh's death, the Irish began pressing their claim to the Lane pictures. In Dublin's Municipal Gallery of Modern Art there is an empty room lined with photographs of the collection, waiting their "return." It has been a long wait.

**First News.** One day last week Sir John Rothenstein, director of London's government-owned Tate Gallery, got a telephone call from an Irish reporter who was checking an anonymous tip. Had Sir John heard that a picture was missing from the Tate's walls? "When?" he asked. "Today," he was told. It was news to Sir John, but all too true. While an attendant was off on his midmorning tea break, someone had stolen Morisot's painting from the wall, frame and all.

Next day, when the news broke, all Ireland chuckled, and the usually sober-sided Irish *Times* ran a happy cartoon showing a trench-coated figure carrying a parcel with words, "It's the *Jour d'Été*, and it's hot." An outfit called the Irish National Students Council boasted that two of its members had taken the picture. The night before, two young Irishmen got up on the roof of the Tate Gallery, but police had spotted them and set dogs on them. So next day the young vandals simply walked in, took down the picture, wrapped it up and walked out. "We shall present it to the Municipal Gallery soon," they added.

**Second Thoughts.** The curator of the Dublin gallery was delighted. "It looks as though we'll get our pictures one by one, doesn't it?" he said. By the following day, however, the first fine careless rapture subsided. A member of the Dublin City Council announced that it "would certainly not accept a picture obtained in such a manner." "We have an irrefutable moral claim to the picture," said an Irish government spokesman, "but it is scarcely necessary to say that the government thoroughly disapproves of the [students'] action."

All that was necessary now was to find the guilty students and the hot Day. "We are treating this," said a Scotland Yard spokesman testily, "as a larceny."



## THE KREMLIN

### Dead Men Tell a Tale

The ordinary Russian people, who are not privy to Communist secrets (even when they are deliberately leaked to the world), are just beginning to learn the truth about Stalin and their new rulers' turn against the old Dictator. Last week some among them got a dramatic re-interpretation of the events leading to World War II and an explanation of the ignominious and costly defeats of the Red army in 1941-42.

Communist leaders at the 20th Party Congress had already heard First Party Secretary Nikita Khrushchev bluntly charge that Stalin "murdered" Marshal Mikhail Tukhachevsky and some 5,000 other Red army officers in 1937 (TIME, March 26). Khrushchev implied that the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939 was a desperate effort by Stalin to escape the consequences of this action. He ridiculed Stalin's vaunted "military" genius and accused him of fleeing the Kremlin during the defense of Moscow. Evidently it was not possible for the party leaders to speak so directly to the Russian people without risking a public convulsion. Thus they chose the indirect approach, but the ugly story in all its sordid detail was there to be read by every Russian who could remember back to 1937.

**Rehabilitation.** The journal *Voprosi Istorii* (official framer of Soviet history) announced that nine outstanding Red army leaders condemned by Stalin in that period had been fully rehabilitated to the honored though posthumous status of "comrades." Included among them were three marshals of the Soviet Union and a number of top commissars, most of them heroes of the civil war whose exploits were once on every lip. No nine names could have been better chosen to evoke the black tale of intrigue and assassination in the years before World War II.

The most famous was probably Marshal Vasily Bluecher, a Civil War hero who fought the White Cossacks and White General Wrangel's forces (1920), later drove the Japanese out of the Maritime Province and captured Vladivostok. Chiang Kai-shek drafted Bluecher as military adviser to China, where he helped organize the famed Whampoa Academy. Shortly thereafter Chiang broke with the Communists and took over Whampoa; Bluecher became Russia's top general in the Far East. "If war bursts like thunder in the Far East," he once said, "we will answer the attack with such a blow that the foundations of capitalism will quiver and crumble." Bluecher's voice was too loud for Stalin. Recalled to Moscow, he was named one of eight judges in the court-martial of Tukhachevsky, duly joined in the death sentence. The following year he himself disappeared, leaving the Japanese attack he had forecast to be belatedly met in the Lake Baikal region in 1939 by Georgy Zhukov.

Hardly less famous was Marshal Alexander I. Yegorov, who commanded one of

Tukhachevsky's armies during the Civil War, rose to be chief of staff of the Red army, a candidate member of the Central Committee and, after Tukhachevsky's arrest, vice commissar of defense. One of Stalin's drinking companions, he too disappeared without trace in 1938.

Huge, rugged Marshal Yan Gamarnik, political commissar of the Red army and a full member of the Central Committee, did not wait to be arrested, but committed suicide.

Civil War Hero V. A. Antonov-Ovseyenko (he led the Bolshevik attack on the Winter Palace in the 1917 uprising in Leningrad) was recalled from Barcelona where he was a Soviet military adviser during the Spanish civil war, hauled out of his train by the NKVD, so the story went, and shot beside the tracks.

Joseph Unschlicht, one of the top military Chekists in the civil war, later chief



RED ARMY'S BLUECHER  
His voice was too loud for Stalin.

of the Red air force, had opposed Stalin's violent farm collectivization policy. He disappeared. And there were others: Andrei Bubnov, onetime education commissar (TIME, April 2); Sergei Kameney, chief of chemical defense; Moisei Rukhimovich, commissar of defense industry; and M. S. Kedrov, chief of the defense section of the State Planning Commission. The point about all these liquidated Old Bolsheviks was that they were all connected with Russian defense. Said *Voprosi Istorii* drily: "There were many other comrades who did much to strengthen the Red army whose names have not been mentioned in historical literature in recent years."

**Transfer of Treason.** For mature Russians the message delivered in this oblique way could not be as momentous; according to the Stalin version of history, Marshal Tukhachevsky had headed a plot, inspired by the exiled Trotsky, to take the

Red army over to Hitler. Now the party leaders are saying in effect that Stalin, not Tukhachevsky, was the traitor. The stigma of betrayal has been transferred from the army to the party. The army is now formally absolved from blame for the loss of millions of lives and countless treasures in the first phase of the war. The party is maneuvering to avoid blame by holding the mad Stalin responsible, but there is still no certainty that it will be successful in doing so.

The reversal argues much for the conjecture that the Red army is exerting a major influence on the new party line. But, despite Marshal Zhukov's apparently enlarging role in Central Committee affairs, it must also be remembered that (according to Marshal Alexander Vasilyevsky), 86.4% of all Red army officers are also party members. Although most of the nine men mentioned by *Voprosi Istorii* were associated with Trotsky when he was War Commissar, their rehabilitation has been carried out without any mention of Trotsky, or of the charges of Trotskyite collaboration made against them by Stalin.

Evidently neither the party nor the army (or both together) is yet prepared to face the logical rehabilitation of former political deviationists from the Stalin line. But, said the magazine *Party Life* last week: "The great work . . . is still continuing."

### The Worms Squirm

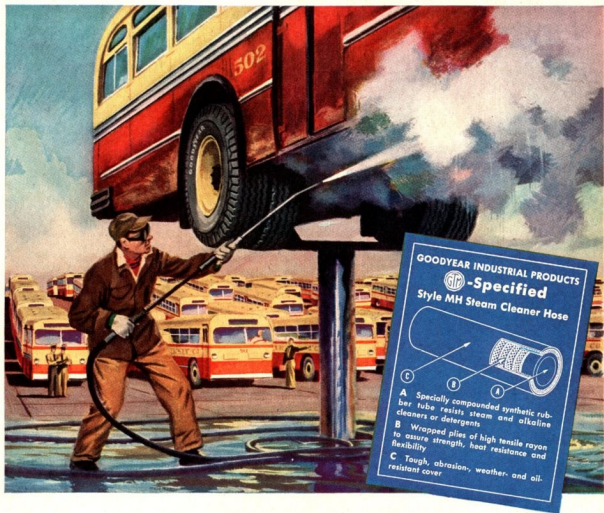
In the Kremlin's haste to rewrite Soviet history, another seamy little sequence in the Communist past turned up like a bug under a mattress: a belated charge that Stalin practiced and tolerated anti-Semitism. Khrushchev, in his virtuoso weep session, had told party leaders about Stalin's fanatical hatred of Jews in his last days, but so far no public mention had been made of the purge of Jewish intellectuals in the '30s, and the later postwar purge, coinciding with the establishment of Israel, and supposedly due to fear of Zionist influence in Russia and the satellite states.

There was less reticence in the satellite states, where the purge of Jewish Communists has been taken up by party newspapers, particularly in Poland. But the "Zionist conspiracy" still found a stout supporter in Czechoslovakia's Communist Premier Vilam Siroky, who admitted last week that "certain manifestations of anti-Semitism" had been wrongfully introduced into the trial of Rudolf Slansky and 13 other Czech Communist leaders in 1952. He added that there was a difference between anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism, one of the "crimes" Slansky had been charged with and for which, said Siroky, he had been justly executed.

The Warsaw Yiddish-language newspaper *Folks-Shtyme* made no such equivocations in publishing a long list of Polish Jews, prominent in cultural and political fields, who were liquidated by Stalin.

But the loudest and most pained echo of Stalin's anti-Semitism was heard in





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New York. The Communist *Daily Worker*, which time and again had denied, denounced and ridiculed reports that Jews were being persecuted in Russia and the satellites, ate humble crow. Editorialized the *Daily Worker*: "We feel a deep sense of indignation, anger and grief over the latest disclosures [in Soviet Poland] that a large number of Jewish writers and other Jewish leaders were framed up and executed." Asking "what false theories . . . played a part in the violations," the *Worker* provided its own answer (like Communists all over the world), in a virtual admission of complicity in Stalin's crimes. Said the *Worker*: "For our part, we frankly admit we were too prone to accept the explanation of why Jewish culture had disappeared in the Soviet Union in the late 1940s."

## TUNISIA

### Man of Moderation

Last week the 97 elected delegates to Tunisia's first constituent assembly met in Tunis, less than nine miles from the ruins of once proud Carthage, which boldly challenged ancient Rome for world supremacy. Now, in long subjected Tunisia, a new nation was being born. Opening the inaugural sessions, the spade-bearded, well-tailored old Bey of Tunis gracefully bowed to the new spirit of democracy, dispensed with the traditional custom which once decreed that every Tunisian present should kiss his hand in token of submission.

The delegates had but one choice for Tunisia's first Premier as an independent nation. It was Habib Bourguiba, the hawk-nosed, voluble lawyer who led his country to sovereignty through 26 years of agitation, exile and imprisonment.

In his triumph and new post, Bourguiba would need all his prestige. In the south, extremists led from Libya by Salah ben Youssef and backed by Egypt defied the new nation's authority, organized sporadic terror bombings against the Neo-Destour leadership. Next week Tunisian delegates headed by Bourguiba himself will fly to Paris to thresh out the final terms of "interdependence" with France.

Bourguiba has annoyed the French lately by insisting that neighboring Algeria, too, should receive its independence. In Paris Bourguiba will demand for his own country several things that the French are disinclined to grant: "full and sole responsibility" for Tunisia's internal order, complete control of its own diplomatic service. Also, though Bourguiba concedes that Tunisia is too poor to pay for its own defense and can neither live or defend itself without French help, he strongly objects to a French-led Tunisian army patterned on the Arab Legion in Jordan.

France recognizes that in Bourguiba it is dealing with the most moderate and responsible of Arab nationalist leaders. He has a French wife and an admiration for the products of French culture. He conspicuously resists the anti-Western line of Egypt's Nasser, and disdains Nasser's



PREMIER BOURGUIBA & BEY OF TUNIS  
A new nation was born.

brand of opportunistic neutralism. In fact, he wants Tunisia to become a member of NATO. Then the French base at Bizerte could be converted to a NATO base, manned by French forces not as "imperialists," but as partners within the NATO framework. Says Bourguiba: "There is not, and must never be, any question of where our sympathies lie."

## ALGERIA

### Wasting War

The two trucks loaded with French recruits rumbled through a narrow pass in the Nemencha Mountains near the Tunisian border. In this ideal ambush terrain, a murderous hail of bullets burst from the cliffs above them. Two officers and 21 men were killed. The survivors jumped down, sought cover and fought back. Four hours later helicopters thrashed overhead. Each disgorged five men as reinforcements, picked up the wounded, flew off to return with a new load. For five days last week the battle raged as French troops and paratroopers tried to root the rebels out of caves in the cliffs. At battle's end more than 100 *jellaghas* were dead. So were some 40 Frenchmen.

The Nemencha battle was the longest battle of the Algerian war to date. From the rebellion's beginnings in the Constantine department 18 months ago, it has spread the length and width of Algeria. Last week French authorities announced the estimated casualties to date: 3,724 *jellaghas* killed, 2,000 captured. French losses: 672 soldiers and policemen killed, approximately the same number missing and presumed dead. Some 1,300 civilians have also died in terrorist attacks or reprisal killings. Reporters on the spot insist that there have been many more deaths than official sources chose to report—chiefly uncounted Moslems killed in reprisal for terrorist attacks.

**Double Trouble.** This wasting war costs France more than Indo-China ever did. With the U.S. paying 60% of the French share in Indo-China was \$1,000,000 a day; in Algeria France has no outside help, and costs run close to \$1,700,000 a day. In Indo-China France fought with a professional army (Africans, German Legionnaires), of which less than 100,000 were Frenchmen, against a Viet Minh army operating, for the most part, out of clearly defined zones that could be attacked by tanks, artillery, and bombers. In Algeria twice as many French soldiers are engaged against rebels who fight in small bands of 50 or 100 that vanish under strong attack to fight again somewhere else. The French have the lives of 1,000,000 Frenchmen (v. 140,000 in Indo-China) and thousands of farms to protect. The *colons* demand protection for their property, would like a guard for every farm. The army demands concentrated forces to attack and root out centers of rebel infection. The government has compromised by doing both.

The double program:  
**Q** *Quadrillage* (cross-ruling), to carry out what Premier Guy Mollet calls "a policy of presence." Small garrisons of ten or more men will be set up at some 20,000 sensitive spots throughout the country—at bridges, crossroads, in villages. *Quadrillage* ties up enormous numbers of troops, but is intended to reassure the Europeans that they and their property will be protected, and to provide Moslems with a visible reminder that the French are in Algeria to stay. As soon as an area is pacified by *quadrillage*, the French hope to organize pilot, mixed elections as evidence of their good intentions.

**Q** *Grenouillage* (roughly, leapfrogging), to kill off the rebel bands. Decoy patrols are sent out into the hills to act as moving targets, inviting attack. Supporting them are teams of helicopters scattered in

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impromptu bases. When an attack comes, the patrol radios to the base. In a typical *grenouillage* operation last week, a call came in to Lieut. Colonel Marcel Bigeard, established in a burned-out farmhouse south of Bône. Within minutes, Bigeard had seven helicopters loaded up; he took off, returned with 15 captured rebels, three mortars and 60 rifles.

**Show of Force.** The double policy is enormously demanding on French manpower. *Quadrillage* will require 200,000 men. *Grenouillage* requires another 150,000. By mid-May, the Mollet government has promised 75,000 men drawn from reserves to add to the 210,000 France already has in Algeria, another 100,000 more by fall, if needed. Says Mollet hopefully: "We want to show force so we don't have to use it—or use it as little as possible."

## CEYLON

### Auspicious Hour?

Harking to his astrologer, Solomon West Ridgeway Diaz Bandaranaike selected high noon as the most auspicious hour to be sworn in as Ceylon's new Prime Minister. Before setting out in his ten-year-old Plymouth for the Georgian mansion of Governor-General Sir Oliver Goonetilleke in downtown Colombo, he faced the sun, to bring success to his venture. That afternoon at exactly eight minutes past 4, another auspicious hour, his new Cabinet of 12 scrambled for their cars and joined Bandaranaike at the mansion for a mass swearing-in ceremony. The Cabinet, at the Prime Minister's instruction, had laid aside their Western-style clothes and appeared, slightly self-conscious, in long white sarongs and sandals. "Gentlemen," said Bandaranaike, "this will be our official dress."

Bandaranaike's upset victory over Sir John Kotelawala (TIME, April 16) was apt to prove much more than a change of clothes. Sir John's pro-Western government, it now seemed clear, had been defeated mainly by domestic issues, e.g., a rise in rice prices, failure to please Ceylon's militant Buddhist majority. But domestic issues were all but forgotten as the new government, with strong left-wing and neutralist ties, sounded its first keynotes.

**Close to Nehru.** Bandaranaike called SEATO "pregnant with danger," reiterated his intention to establish relations with the U.S.S.R. and Red China. As for Britain's two strategic bases in Ceylon: "We are completely opposed to the concession of any bases, military or otherwise, in our country to any foreign power." To underline his neutrality, Bandaranaike told reporters that his thinking was "very close to Nehru's." Delighted, the Indian press hailed him as the "conscience of the new Asia."

After first recoiling in horror, London decided that it might be possible, and it would certainly be necessary, to live with Bandaranaike. He has already assured worried British tea planters that, despite his fiery campaigning, nationalization of their



PRIME MINISTER BANDARANAIKE  
At 4:08, off with the trousers.

plantations, when it comes, will take place without "any form of expropriation." Britain hopes that he will negotiate a new agreement for the bases, keep Ceylon within the Commonwealth even after it becomes a republic. The U.S. is planning to go ahead with \$5,000,000 in aid to Ceylon this year.

**Too Near Anthony.** Bandaranaike is an aristocratic country squire who made a brilliant record as a classics scholar and orator at Oxford in the '20s. At Christ Church College he argued Asian affairs with Upperclassman Anthony Eden, was often disturbed at study by boisterous parties in Eden's rooms. He once beat out Malcolm MacDonald, Britain's High Commissioner in India, for secretary of the Oxford Union.

In 1925 he went back to Ceylon and began competing for higher stakes. Once in politics, he discarded his Western dress. Though brought up an Anglican, he turned Buddhist. Today, at 57, Bandaranaike lives a fairly Spartan life with his wife and three children. Stopped, gaunt and bespectacled, he has an uncanny understanding of his fellow Ceylonese. And his talent for expediency has never left him. Those who do not admire him are fond of reciting a little jingle:

*I do not love you, Banda dear,  
Because you change from year to year.*

The West could only hope that Banda's next change would be in its favor.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### The Last Warlord

Not long ago, young (32) General Ba Cut declared that he would heed Viet Nam's Premier Ngo Dinh Diem as a warning of the power of the Hoa Hao, the piratical "religious" sect that once boasted an army of 20,000 and ruled large areas of Viet Nam as a feudal fief. The threat





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was characteristic of Ba Cut's fanatic life. At 17, hot-eyed Ba Cut swore he would fight to the death against the French, and he cut off the tip of his forefinger to seal his oath. At 21, he switched, began fighting the Viet Minh. The Geneva conference gave half of Indo-China to the Viet Minh, but Ba Cut refused to accept the decision, swore he would never cut his hair until Viet Nam was reunited.

But he also refused to accept the authority of the fledgling South Viet Nam government of Ngo Dinh Diem. Nine months ago Diem ordered two infantry divisions against Ba Cut and his feudal domain. Slowly, Diem's troops dispersed Ba Cut's power. By January, Ba Cut's forces had been reduced to a straggling band roaming from village to village just ahead of its pursuers.

One day last week, soon after dawn, civil guards crept up on a straw-roofed hut. Inside were Ba Cut and six of his top lieutenants. Ba Cut, his hair now grown down to his waist, surrendered meekly. With the Binh Nuyen destroyed, the Cao Daoists divided, and Hoa Hao's Ba Cut captured, Premier Diem had eliminated the last of the rebellious warlords in his young republic.

## TURKEY

### Dams & Deficits

Turkey's Premier Adnan Menderes loves dams. He considers anybody who criticizes his dams an enemy and a saboteur.

Last year critics pointed out that Menderes had plunged so heavily on new dams, plus roads, harbors and factories, that Turkey had nothing left over to make the economy run. Prices soared, people went hungry, factories came to a standstill. But dams and beet-sugar factories planted in Turkey's hinterlands meant votes among the farmers, who make up 80% of the electorate, and Menderes hated to give them up. Instead, he hoped for more money—\$300 million of it—from the U.S., but did not get it. It took a rebellion in his own party last fall before Menderes agreed to a program of economic reform which would balance the budget and limit new investment to feasible projects already started.

**Lobsters & Kebab.** Last week Premier Menderes demonstrated that his heart is still with dams. For the dedication of the big Seyhan power-irrigation dam in south-east Turkey near fertile Adana, and a new bridge across the upper Euphrates, he organized a huge celebration attended by President Celal Bayar, most of Menderes' 469 Democratic Party Deputies, and 5,000 other notables. A carload of fresh lobsters was shipped in from the Bosphorus, and 1,200 lambs were slaughtered for a huge kebab feast. Pointedly, the 66 Deputies of the opposition parties boycotted the ceremonies, and Menderes seized the occasion to rebuke his critics. "It is as sad as it is ridiculous," he cried, "that the so-called opposition members . . . are going to every inch of the country for the purpose of causing trouble

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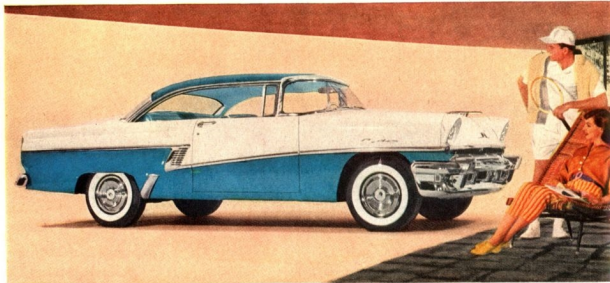
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**FOR FUN IN THE SUN**—Mercury now offers you two "top-down" beauties—the Montclair convertible, shown above, and

a new BIG M convertible in the lowest-cost Custom series. Both feature new Safety-First Design and Safety-Surge V-8 power.



**NEW OPEN-AIR EXCITEMENT**—THE BIG M now offers you hardtop coupes in 4 price ranges—The Custom (shown above),

and the Montclair, Monterey, or Medalist. All offer you the wide-open feeling of a convertible with steel-topped sedan protection.

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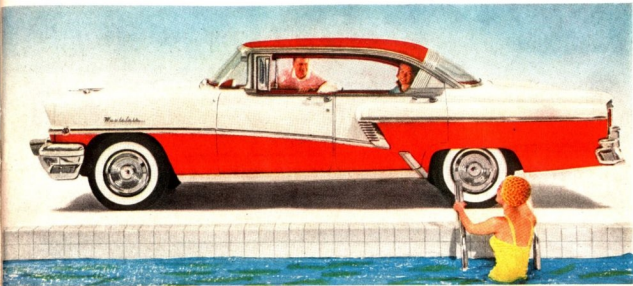
And no matter what model suits your needs and budget best, you get "The Big 4" of THE BIG M.

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without bothering to turn and look at even one single installation in the places they visit."

The thin-skinned Premier turned his attack on his newspaper critics (most of Turkey's press). "They are doing everything to cause crisis. They have tried to reduce the value of our money and to decrease our political authority both in and out of the country. These people want revolution. In their speeches, they say that they are going to take over the country soon. That is terrorism."

Menderes suggested that the remedy is to remove the parliamentary immunity of "slanderers," has talked of banning political meetings except immediately before elections. "If the laws are not sufficient, we shall enact new laws," cried Menderes.

**Hitler Built More.** Opposition leaders expected new repressive legislation, which would antagonize Istanbul's urban sophisticates but would insure Menderes' hold



Milliyet—Sami Önemli  
PREMIER MENDERES  
Not by a dam site.

on the countryside. But though threatened, his opponents were not cowed. Snapped Osman Bolukbasi, leader of one opposition party. "Hitler built many times more dams, bridges and harbors than Mr. Menderes, and still Hitler fell."

The U.S., also waiting to see if Menderes performed on his promises of reform, last week granted Turkey a new loan of \$25 million, but made clear that the money would be dealt out slowly unless Menderes pursues his mended ways.

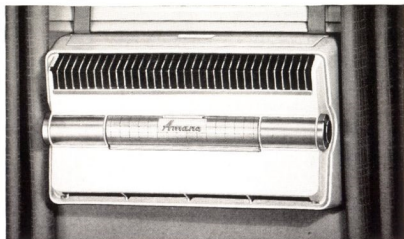
## SPAIN

### Strike Fever

Early this month hundreds of clandestine pamphlets began circulating in Spain. Trumpeted one: "We demand the vital minimum salary of 75 pesetas a day and equal pay for women. We must protest the ridiculous wage increases that have been handed to us . . . agitate for the

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It takes all the resources of man, science and nature to keep men well-groomed in the heat. But it can be done—with the Lanacon® suit by Timely Clothes. Lanacon combines the best traits of Dacron® (crease-resistance, durability, low upkeep) with the priceless assets of fine worsted—resilience, high absorbency, rich color. And since Lanacon is made with Balanced Tailoring, it will keep its looks long after most suits are ready for retirement. Available in new patterns and textures, moderately priced, at your Timely Clothier now. For his name and free 23-page booklet, "How To Choose Clothes To Improve Your Appearance," write Dept. T-51, Timely Clothes, Rochester 2, New York. Dress right—you can't afford not to!

\*Du Pont's polyester fiber

Balanced Tailoring® makes **TIMELY**  **CLOTHES** look better... longer!

minimum basic salary and a democratic Spain." Some pamphlets urged workers to stage a demonstration in mid-April. Rebellious Madrid University students who had demonstrated against the government of Dictator Francisco Franco in February (TIME, Feb. 20) planned new protests of their own, timed to break out just as Madrid played international host to a UNESCO meeting.

Last week, as the zero hour for the student demonstration approached, all Spain was alert, eyes expectantly concentrated on the big cities of Madrid and Barcelona. But it was in the Navarre mountain-encircled city of Pamplona (pop. 73,000), famed for its bullfight *fiesta*, that the trouble started.

**Too Little Too Late.** A wildcat strike of 6,000 transport, industrial and catering workers, paralyzing Pamplona, took the authorities by surprise. Said Civil Governor Carlos Arias: "Order will be re-established in a firm and inflexible manner." Though Arias threatened that workers would lose their social benefits, and called out the *Guardia Civil*, Pamplona's workers paraded the city's sunny streets in their best clothes. The strike fever spread to the Basque city of Bilbao (scene of a 1953 stoppage of shipbuilders), Tolosa, San Sebastián and other northern towns. Thus far only workers in small dispersed industries were affected, but when metalworkers in Barcelona walked off their jobs, the government got tough. Army General Felipe Acedo, governor of Barcelona, promptly jailed strikers and closed the struck factories.

The strikes were the direct result of Spain's skyrocketing inflation, brought about to some extent by heavy U.S. spending in Spain, and in part, by the damage done to crops by this year's severe spring freezes. Last July Spanish workers took their case to Dictator Franco himself, asked for a basic minimum wage of 75 pesetas a day (approximately \$1.77). Said Franco, a medievalist in economics as in politics: "Nothing can be gained if we artificially raise salaries. That rise would be followed by a corresponding rise in prices, and you would be much poorer than you are today." Some 700 delegates (representing an estimated 8,000,000 Spanish workers) went back muttering to their *sindicados*. Last month, when Labor Minister José Antonio Girón announced a 20% hike in minimum basic salaries, this belated and inadequate increase was a chilling disillusionment to millions of workers.

**Republicans Remember.** Last week an estimated 50,000 workers were on strike in the north of Spain. Clandestine strike propaganda cited the profits made by Spanish enterprises and at least one illegal poster exhorted: "Spanish Republicans, do not forget this day!" Thousands of additional guards were called out to reinforce the already formidable Franco police forces in northern Spain. In a country where strikes are forbidden, the absence of arbitration machinery makes it difficult for the dictatorship to settle the strikes in any way but to crush them.

# Why 20,000,000 Families Save S&H Green Stamps

*—And Why Over 60,000 American  
Retailers Find It Is Good Business  
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Today more than 20,000,000 thrifty American families save S&H Green Stamps. To them S&H Green Stamps are their "painless way to save." These stamps are the way they get wonderful possessions for their homes or themselves... General Electric Steam Irons... Bulova Watches... Pepperell Blankets... Kodak Cameras... to name just a few.

Actually, consumers have their choice of over 1500 quality items which they can select at over 400 S&H Redemption Stores located in 370 cities of all 48 states.

## "Discount for Cash"

These families think of S&H Green Stamps as their "discount for paying cash." They look forward to getting them at food stores, service stations, department stores, drug stores and other kinds of retail stores. Women find these stores offer merchandise, services and prices competitive with others they might patronize. The little S&H Green Stamp they get with each 10¢ of their purchases provides a "currency" by which the retailer can give his "discount for cash."

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## Stamps Increase Volume

It is a matter of record that S&H Green Stamps *do* increase business so dramatically that, in effect, they "cost the dealer nothing." In fact, the record is so clear-cut that today more than 60,000 retailers give S&H Green Stamps. They do it to reward their customers, attract additional business and make doubly certain that every customer is satisfied.

S&H is the oldest and largest stamp plan in America. S&H Green Stamps have proved valuable for more than 60 years as a direct, measurable way for a retailer to increase volume and give greater customer satisfaction. These S&H aims go hand in hand with the traditional aims of all progressive American business.

S&H Green Stamps are the only trading stamps used nationwide. In 60 years of service to retailers and the public, S&H has been known as the stamp of quality and reliability.

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# THE HEMISPHERE

## CHILE

### Freeing the Peso

After a quarter-century of trying to set its foreign exchange rates by complex official decrees, Chile chucked the philosophy of government control over the value of the peso and went back to the supply-and-demand free rate.

Chile's experience with controls started out in 1931 as a Depression attempt to subsidize business by giving varying values to the peso (which had been traded freely at eight to the dollar). Depending on their utility, as evaluated by the bureaucracy, various imports got various rates; e.g., whisky was made proportionately more costly to import than milk. Export rates, too, were adjusted to let commodities—in theory at least—meet foreign competition; there was a "copper dollar," a "wine dollar," a "nitrate dollar" and a "sulphur dollar." Soon the government was in the satisfying business of creaming off a profit from exchange transactions.

The system cost heavily in corruption aimed at getting favorable rates. Investment was discouraged, because the government's cut worked out as a heavy tax. Worse, controls failed to keep the exchange from slipping. Under pressure from internal inflation, the scale of official rates dropped steadily to as low as 300; the limited free market that the law permitted hit a peak of more than 800 last August. U.S. Economic Consultants Klein & Saks, hired then by Chile to cure its economic fevers, made freeing the peso a high-priority recommendation.

Before taking the stern measure, Finance Minister Oscar Herrera made a couple of prudent hedges. One was a flat ban

on importing certain luxuries, to prevent a possibly perilous outrush of dollars for goods not really needed. Another was an agreement with the International Monetary Fund, the U.S. Treasury and eight U.S. banks for a \$75 million stabilization fund to meet possible dollar runs. The free rate is expected to settle around 500, then begin the hard climb back.

## URUGUAY

### Skoal!

Newly arrived from Antarctic waters, the Soviet whaling factory ship *Slava* and the U.S. icebreaker *Glacier* lay within hailing distance of each other last week alongside the broad quays of the Montevideo waterfront. Russian Captain Alexei N. Solianik paid a courtesy visit. He was gravely received on the quarterdeck by Rear Admiral George J. Dufek, got an illustrated lecture on the *Glacier*'s part in Operation Deepfreeze, and a copy of R. B. Robertson's 1954 bestselling memoir, *Of Whales and Men*. On his way down the gangway, he invited the U.S. officers to pay a return visit.

Two days later Admiral Dufek, Commander Eugene Maher and Ensign John Wilson stepped aboard the *Slava*, were promptly whisked to Captain Solianik's cabin for a few fast rounds of whisky and vodka. After weathering several toasts, Admiral Dufek explained that he was a vegetarian and could not stay to lunch. He departed with Commander Maher, leaving Ensign Wilson to represent the U.S. Navy.

Seated at a table under a large picture of Marshal Kliment Voroshilov, the ensign heroically ate his way through an eight-course meal (including caviar, crab-

meat, mushrooms, capers and sturgeon), rose repeatedly to respond to vodka toasts. Three hours after he had arrived, he retrieved his cap with dignity from under a picture of Stalin and walked firmly down the gangway, carrying himself like a piece of priceless porcelain and bearing farewell gifts of caviar and whale's teeth. "Don't bother our distinguished guest," said genial Host Solianik to pier-side reporters. "He's still enjoying [the pleasures of] the table."

Ensign Wilson's feet impressed even Uruguayans, themselves no mean trenchermen. Montevideo's daily *La Mañana* called him a "hero of the cold war."

## CANADA

### Inexorable Trend

In Parliament, on editorial pages and in private discussions, a great debate is in progress about the heavy flow of U.S. investments into Canada. Most Canadians welcome the foreign capital, regarding it as an essential loan for national development which the rich young country will eventually pay off. But some fear that foreign investors are gradually gaining too much control over the Canadian economy. Last week the government's Bureau of Statistics shed some light on the issue by publishing a 93-page blue book reviewing Canadian economic trends in the quarter century from 1926 to 1954.

Fears of foreign economic domination of Canada are largely dispelled by the government's survey. Although big U.S. investments are coming into the country, Canada's international debtor position is steadily improving. In 1926 Canadians owed \$6 abroad for every \$1 of their external assets. Today the external debt has shrunk to about \$2 for every dollar of assets outside the country.

Optimists about Canada's economic future have long expected that it would follow the same pattern as the U.S., where foreign capital, largely from Britain, primed the nation's industrial development and was eventually bought out almost 100% by American investors. The same trend has already begun in Canada, the Bureau of Statistics survey showed. Canadian ownership of government bonds and of stocks in Canadian railways, utilities, banks and insurance companies has grown markedly since 1926.

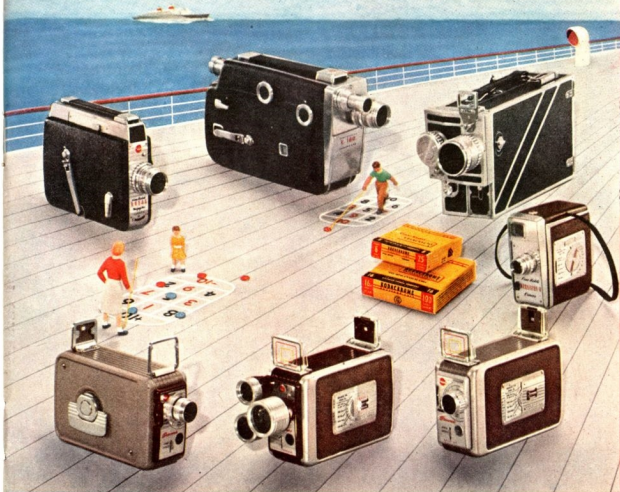
With Canadians taking over an ever-growing share of these relatively conservative investments, U.S. investors have tended in recent years to plunge on more speculative enterprises. The recent inflow of American capital has mainly gone into Canada's oil industry, mining and new manufacturing plants. But here too, the inexorable trend toward local ownership is already under way. In the past ten years, Canadian investors have increased their stock holdings in U.S.-controlled companies operating in Canada by more than 25%.



ENSIGN WILSON (SEATED LEFT) & HOSTS  
At the table, a hero of the cold war.

Alfredo Testoni





## Announcing a great new selection of Kodak home-movie cameras

*(You name the price—Kodak has the finest!)*

Whether you buy a Brownie Movie Camera at its new low price of \$29.95, or the super-versatile Cine-Kodak Special II at \$1195, your Kodak camera is precision-made to your needs.

In appearance, feel and performance, it's an instrument you can be proud of. And for every Kodak movie camera there's a new companion projector, every bit as fine.

*Front row:* FAMOUS BROWNIE MOVIE CAMERAS—The most popular in the world, they give you beautiful 8mm color movies with snapshot ease. *Left to right:* new, low-cost  $f/2.7$  model, only \$29.95; turret

model, complete with 3 lenses, \$79.50;  $f/2.3$  model, \$37.50;  $f/1.9$  model (not shown above), \$44.50.

*Center, right:* CINE-KODAK MEDALLION 8 CAMERA  $f/1.9$ , \$144.50. Palm and pocket sized. 3-second "snap-shoot" loading. Accepts auxiliary lenses. 4 speeds including slow motion; single-frame exposure.

*Top row, left to right:* CINE-KODAK ROYAL MAGAZINE CAMERA  $f/1.9$ , \$179.50. For BIG 16mm movies you can show on screens up to 12 feet wide! 3-second magazine loading; 3 speeds. "Ektar" Lens. CINE-KODAK K-100 CAMERA  $f/1.9$ , \$279. Great versatility at moderate cost. Takes 100-foot 16mm film rolls, runs 40 feet at a wind. 5 speeds; many special-effect

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"How to Choose and Use Your Movie Outfit" has the full story of home-movie fun and economy. At your Kodak dealer's—or write Rochester.



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**In Lima**, you can enjoy old Spanish charm, and live in 20th century hotels. You'll want to linger to see the flowers, shop for bargains in silver, relax in the leisurely tempo of the life. Be there tomorrow; you can choose from 14 flights a week.

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# South America

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**THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING V-8**

...and Lifeguard Design is another reason why!



This Lifeguard steering wheel has deep-center construction to reduce possibility of driver being thrown hard against steering post in case of accident. Ford engineers have mounted the rim of the wheel high above the recessed steering post to help "cushion" your chest against severe injury.



Optional Lifeguard padding protects you against accident injuries by providing a "crash cushion" on both the instrument panel and sun visors. It is five times more shock absorbent than foam rubber. New Lifeguard rearview mirror that "gives" on impact and resists shattering is standard on '56 models.



You're twice as safe if you stay inside the car in an accident. Statistics prove it conclusively. So our Ford engineers have designed these new Lifeguard door latches with a *double grip* to reduce the possibility of doors springing open in a collision.



Look at this Ford seat belt! One-third stronger than required for airlines, it is securely anchored to reinforced, all-steel floor structure. Optional Ford seat belts can be adjusted or released with one hand ...are available in colors to harmonize with interiors.

THE NEW FORDOR VICTORIA



"And you'll drive safer ever after!"



**FORD V-8**

*Sells More because it's Worth More !*



Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

At his home near Havana, Nobel Prize-winning Novelist **Ernest Hemingway** packed his fishing tackle and got set to fly to Peru, where he will try to catch a star for the movie version of his novelette, *The Old Man and the Sea*. Hemingway's quarry: a Pacific black marlin weighing at least 1,500 lbs. (world-record catch and heaviest fish ever taken by rod and reel: 1,560 lbs.).

The University of Miami's Irwin Luck, 18, tyro tunesmith, proved his sophomore flair for big-time promotion. Weary of begging Crooner **Perry Como** to plug a passel of Lucky lyrics, Floridian Luck anted up \$500 of his own savings plus \$350 from his real-estate man papa, bought a month's space on a huge (20 ft.-by-60 ft.) billboard near Times Square to make his plea public. Excerpt from Luck's open letter to Como: "I pray that you will give me the chance to meet you and maybe hear you sing one of my numbers." Easygoing Crooner Como gee-whizzed, promised to give Composer Luck's songs a hearing, maybe a warbling.

Tireless Anthologist-Poet **Louis Untermeyer**, 70, paused in Denver long enough to predict that the U.S. will burgeon in the next half-century as the world's great cultural mecca. Said he: "We're ready for our renaissance, our great Golden Age . . . Westward the course of culture!"

The U.S. liner *Constitution* hove to off the port of Monaco one morning last week and set Hollywood's **Grace Kelly**

aboard *Deo Juvante II*, the virginal white 138-ft. yacht of Grace's groom-to-be, **Prince Rainier III**. All Monaco broke loose. Rockets zoomed, sirens screamed, dockside trolleys klaxoned, cannon fired 21-gun salutes. Ashore, the crowd—Monegasques, outlanders and the cream of world jewel thievery—dutifully roared. Overhead, a seaplane belonging to Sea Lord **Aristotle Socrates Onassis**, controlling croupier of Monte Carlo's famed Casino, bombarded Grace and His Serene Highness with 500 red and white carnations. Aboard *Deo Juvante*, the lovers closed for a buss, were thwarted by a fast block thrown by Grace's arm-held poodle Oliver, settled on an awkward, unromantic handshake.

On his first public outing with Grace, the Prince rolled forth in his green Chrysler Imperial, was roadblocked by some 50 photographers, angrily retaliated by barring the lensmen from his palace and Wednesday's civil wedding (the religious ceremony is two days later). Wedding gifts kept pouring in, karat upon karat. From the principality itself and the Casino came, according to Newshen Inez Robb, "some basic or all-purpose diamonds": a \$224,000 set of gem-crusted earrings, bracelet, necklace, ring and clips.

Meanwhile, Monaco's most guarded nuptial secret lay in the sad tale of unaccepted wedding invitations by Europe's crowned or once-crowned heads. As of week's end, when Egypt's fat, foolish ex-King **Farouk** promised to be on hand (if he could bring one of his Albanian bodyguards), he was the only purple-robed guest expected. In Britain the royal family had found time to be at the wedding of a Scots Guard captain (a cousin of Queen Elizabeth II), and



PRINCESS MARGARET  
Time for a wedding.

a cameraman caught a reflective shot of **Princess Margaret** at the ceremony. But the precedent set by the Court of St. James's, which sent to Monaco a mere marshal of its diplomatic corps, seemed to bind all other European royal houses in sympathetic boycott of the Monacan rites.

The State Department's perturbed Assistant Secretary for European Affairs (and Ambassador-designate to Canada), **Livingston T. Merchant**, Princeton '26, fired a wire to the Princeton debating society that has booked Convicted Perjuror **Alger Hiss** for a speech (TIME, April 16). The campus appearance of ex-State Department Employee Hiss, warned Merchant, "would do lasting and irreparable damage to Princeton." He urged the undergraduates of his alma mater to reconsider their offer of a rostrum to ex-Lawyer Hiss (Johns Hopkins '26, Harvard '29), a onetime casual Washington acquaintance of Merchant's.

On the eve of the serialization of the throbbing memoirs of the **Duchess of Windsor** in Britain, the *Church of England Newspaper* and the *Record*, an unofficial reflector of many a churchly view, emitted an editorial groan at the prospect. The duchess' side of her story, now appearing in the U.S. in *McCall's* magazine, will begin running this week in London's *Sunday Express*, directed by Lord Beaverbrook, a foul-weather friend to the Duke of Windsor during his abdication ordeal. The Baltimore-bred duchess, lamented the religious organ, "albeit unintentionally, has already caused great damage to the monarchy . . . Need she add to the damage now? Surely . . . the Duchess would have been better advised to remain silent."



GRACE KELLY & PRINCE RAINIER  
Regrets from the purple.



The NEW  
**Firestone**  
SUPREME

# *... THIS IS THE TIRE WITH*

**Ends fear of blowouts! Ends fear of punctures! Ends fear of skids! Gives longer, safer mileage than any other tire!**

Now from Firestone comes the automatic safety tire... the new Firestone Supreme. It gives you and your family protection never before provided in any tire at any price. It's the first and only tire with built-in peace of mind!

**Blowout Safe!** It's a tubeless tire. Its cord body is made of all nylon—stronger than steel, pound for pound. That's why the Firestone Supreme resists all causes of blowouts.

But no tire is blowout-proof from a slash or cut in the sidewall. So to leave nothing to chance, Firestone engineers have built into the Supreme an emergency life protector.

For should a blowout occur, an automatic safety valve closes in the life protector and retains  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the air. This lets you ride out a blowout without swerving, without danger. Lets you come safely to a straight-line stop. This is built-in peace of mind.

**Puncture Safe!** The new Firestone Supreme has a special gummy rubber sealant that seals any puncture the instant it occurs—makes it completely puncture-safe. No more de-



## BUILT-IN PEACE OF MIND

lays, no more fear of changing tires on a busy highway. This is built-in peace of mind.

**Skid Safe!** Firestone's new exclusive tread design makes all others out-of-date. Wider and deeper, this efficient tread holds the road with a powerful grip never before possible. It won't skid, swerve, or slide like ordinary tires. Takes danger out of driving on pavements wet with rain or snow. And this tread is *silent*—won't hum on the highway. Won't squeal on the sharpest corners. This is built-in peace of mind.

**Thousands of extra miles!** The rugged all-nylon cord

body, plus thicker tread, gives you up to 25% more mileage—the longest, safest mileage of any tire by far. And it's made for beauty—as well as duty. With its white sidewalls—made to *stay* white—with curb scuff protection—and smart fashion-line styling, the new Firestone Supreme gives you the most luxurious tire on the road.

Have your car dealer make the change-over to Firestone Supreme tires on your new car—or have your Firestone Dealer or Store put them on your present car. You'll get a liberal trade-in—convenient payment terms—and built-in peace of mind in the bargain.



**HILLSBORO NEGROES ARRIVING FOR PLACEMENT TESTS**  
The school board was not really prejudiced.

Associated Press

## Holdout in Ohio

Almost daily since the U.S. Supreme Court banned segregation in the public schools, an odd ritual has taken place in little (pop. 5,100) Hillsboro, Ohio. Each morning before the Webster elementary school opened, a group of Negro mothers would march up to its main door, parade around for a while with placards reading, "Our Children Play Together; Why Can't They Learn Together?" and then return peacefully to their homes. There was never any violence, not even a sign of hate or temper. But the fact remained that Hillsboro is the scene of the only integration battle in Ohio.

Until 1939 Hillsboro never really thought of maintaining separate Negro and white schools. But that year, when Webster was jammed to capacity, the board of education decided to solve the problem by quietly packing all Negro pupils off to the ramshackle Lincoln elementary school on the east side of town. For 15 years no one protested. Then came the Supreme Court's historic decision. Negro parents living nearer Webster than Lincoln began demanding that Webster admit their children. The board's answer: it redistricted the whole town, assigned two widely separated Negro neighborhoods to all-Negro Lincoln.

**Don't Budge.** In the summer of 1954 the white county engineer, Philip Partridge, a hot anti-segregationist, became so incensed over the board's action that he tried to burn Lincoln down (he was convicted of arson and sentenced to 1 to 15 years, paroled after serving nine months). Later, five Negro mothers took their case to court. All this failed to budge the board an inch. When school opened that fall, 22 Negro children who tried to get into Webster were turned

away. Their mothers, refusing to send them to Lincoln, began tutoring them at home.

Though the board insisted it was without racial prejudice, it argued that until the town could complete a new school, the 850-pupil Webster School could not possibly add 22 Negroes. Judge John H. Druffel of the United States District Court apparently agreed, for he refused to issue an injunction ordering the board to reverse itself. Last fall, when school opened again, Negro pupils applying for Webster were given chairs on the first day, but assigned no classes. On the second day the chairs disappeared.

**Keep Stalling.** In January the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals reversed Judge Druffel. The judge, however, still refused to issue the required injunction "unless the Supreme Court tells me to." Last week the Supreme Court did. But the Hillsboro board was not through yet.

At first it stalled until it formally received Judge Druffel's order. Then it hit upon the idea of ordering placement tests for the Negroes who had been tutored at home. To convince everyone of its objectivity, it invited the State Department of Education to supervise the testing, only to find that the department had no such tests on hand and would have to get them from Chicago. At week's end the tests duly arrived: the last bastion of segregation in Ohio had finally fallen.

## What Price Football?

When the University of Washington fired Football Coach John Cherberg (TIME, Feb. 13), it sailed into a storm of scandal involving under-the-counter payments of money to players by booster alumni. But Washington was apparently still more interested in victories than in its reputation, so it hired young (31)

Coach Darrell Royal away from Mississippi State at \$17,000 a year. Then, in a poll of the faculty, the student *Daily* showed how wide is the gulf between the playing fields of Washington and its corridors of learning.

The *Daily* asked: 1) Is the new coach's salary justified, and 2) should football be de-emphasized? To the salary question 81% answered no; to de-emphasis 70% said yes. Many professors had further comments. Samples:

¶ "At least 3½ Ph.D.s, with individual professional and academic experience superior to our new coach, could be hired for his salary."

¶ "It is fantastic what a cheap price is put on 'education' at this school. We are all just plain stupid, spending years preparing for education in specified fields when a man with nothing but brawn and no brains can get \$17,000 a year for chasing a bunch of ninnies around a field with a ball. Every time I think of it, I get so outraged I could spit."

The facultymen had reason for outrage. Though one physician on the medical-dental school staff gets a top salary of \$14,376, the average pay for a full professor outside the professional schools is \$8,469. Coach Royal's 27-year-old assistant, three years after his service as a quarterback at the University of California, gets about \$7,500. The salary of 47-year-old Pulitzer Prize Poet Theodore Roethke, professor of English: \$9,018.

## Pen & Pencil Therapy

In France, where analysis of a man's character from his handwriting is considered a science, Raymond Trillat has risen to the top of his field. He has built up such a large practice that 300 firms now call on him to describe the characters of job candidates from the squiggles they make on application blanks. But back in 1946 Trillat began a second career. "If



**ANALYST TRILLAT & STUDENTS**  
Stutterers start at "e."

Jean Laffitte





Key machine in Waterloo's sanitary landfill projects: a Caterpillar Diesel Tractor with Bulldozer.

## TURNING DUMPS INTO DIAMONDS

Several years ago in Waterloo, Iowa, the dump was a smouldering, foul-smelling eyesore, located next to the ball park. Now and then smoke was so thick that outfielders couldn't see home plate. Worst of all, the unsightly dump was a breeding place for flies, rats and other disease-bearing vermin.



Playgrounds like this have been built on old dump sites from community's garbage and refuse by inexpensive sanitary landfill.

Many people accepted it as a necessary evil. But not Carl Fagerlind, Waterloo Street Commissioner, who suggested a modern method to dispose of the community's garbage. Explaining this method, called sanitary landfill, Fagerlind told the City Council: "You just find a low area and dump your garbage there. You spread the refuse out, then run over it with one of those big crawler tractors. This squashes everything together, then you cover the refuse with about two feet of dirt. Flies or rats can't get to the refuse and it can't burn.

"The real payoff comes afterward, though. You keep piling layers of dirt and garbage into the low spot, and when it is filled you've got brand-new land for buildings or a park."

Backed by Kiwanis, the City Council gave Fagerlind the go-ahead. The pay-

off? Since using sanitary landfill, Waterloo has turned the old dump into a playground with a softball diamond, filled a polluted creek, raised river banks and solidified ravines—and is now turning garbage into gain in other problem spots.

Your community can benefit by this clean, practical, low-cost disposal method. Write us listing your town's population, and you'll receive information about a community like yours that is using sanitary landfill.

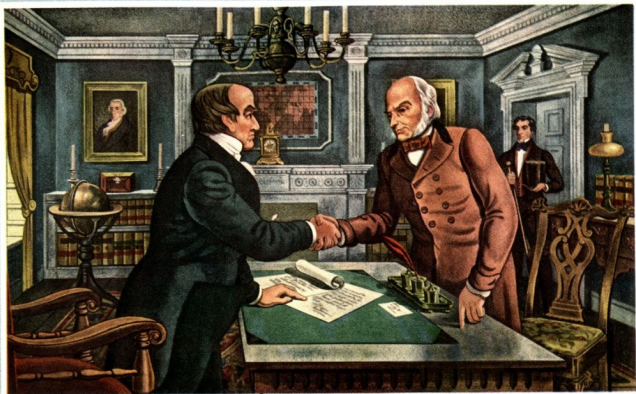
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**CATERPILLAR**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WHEN YOU THINK OF  
PUBLIC HEALTH, THINK OF THE  
BIG YELLOW MACHINES THAT HELP GUARD IT



## SECRETARY WEBSTER INVITES JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO DINNER

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# OLD CROW

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# THE PRESS

## Rebellion

For a half-century, Clarksburg, W. Va. (pop. 32,014) has chafed under a one-party press. Its boss: a flinty old (79) party named Cecil B. Highland, who publishes the town's only dailies, the Democratic morning *Exponent* (circ. 13,572) and the Republican evening *Telegram* (circ. 23,593). Publisher Highland has fought radio (by banning even paid program listings), television for Clarksburg, a public sewage-disposal project, daylight-saving time, and most attempts to improve the town's playgrounds, schools and police. In his newspapers he has seldom bothered to print the other side of such issues. Last week, in full rebellion, Clarksburgers began putting out their own weekly newsletter, to give Clarksburg "the straight truth about its government and city projects."

The rebellion was sparked last month by City Manager Glenn Peterson, who, after nine months under fire by the Highland papers, announced that he would quit in May. Leading citizens formed the Clarksburg Non-Partisan Association Inc., held a mass meeting that denounced Cecil Highland's press: "[It has] dominated the city and consistently opposed worthwhile community projects . . . slanted city news, written editorials into news columns, indulged in character assassination, and continues its news blackout of the Non-Partisan Association."

No murmur of the civic protest reached the columns of the *Exponent* or the *Telegram*. But in Fairmont, 25 miles away, the evening *West Virginian* ran full accounts and, as an experiment, sent 2,000 copies into Clarksburg the day after the Non-Partisan Association was formed. Said a *West Virginian* executive: "We

sold out between 12:30 and 2 p.m. When the people of Clarksburg saw our papers on the street, they actually hugged the carrier boys." On the day of the mass meeting, Clarksburg businessmen bought 2,000 of the Fairmont papers, gave them away free. Since then the *West Virginian* and the Fairmont *Times* have been sending 1,000 papers a day to Clarksburg. But at week's end Publisher Highland had still taken no notice of the biggest story in his territory.

## Tell It Not in Gath

When Northern newsmen covering the Negro boycott of Montgomery buses swarmed into the city room of Alabama's Montgomery *Advertiser* (circ. 60,144), Editor-in-Chief Grover Cleveland Hall Jr., 41, did his best to answer their questions. He also asked questions—and decided from the answers that the North's own racial sins were being covered by its press in a "conspiracy of silence." To prove his point, Hall launched a daily series on Northern discrimination. Said he: "Whatever we reveal will not solve any problem Alabama has. Our purpose is to point out to the self-righteous North that it's not doing so damn well either in solving the race problem."<sup>2</sup>

To get the series, Reporter Tom Johnson and other staffers telephoned Northern editors and public officials to ask about discrimination in their areas. They found plenty, and Hall let the stories sprawl over his editorial page under the standing rebuking headline: TELL IT NOT IN GATH, PUBLISH IT NOT IN THE STREETS OF ASKELOH.<sup>3</sup> When the *Advertiser* questioned screwball Mayor Orville Hubbard (TIME, March 5, 1951) of Dearborn, Mich., he bragged that not a single Negro could get a place to live in his city of 114,000, though 15,000 of them worked there. Said the mayor: "I am for complete segregation, one million percent, on all levels."

**Dirty Wash.** The *Advertiser's* series also reported that Chicago had assigned 150 police to the Trumbull Park development (TIME, May 17, 1954) to prevent violence over an influx of Negro residents. Hall's very comment noted that Chicago race relations "seem incredibly violent to a Southerner," since "in all the Confederacy, there's not a single Negro family I know of that needs police protection."

Last week Hall angrily charged the Detroit press with burying news of the Rouse case (TIME, April 16), in which a part American Indian family was forced to move out of a Detroit neighborhood after a mob rioted around the house in the belief that they were Negroes. Commented Hall: "One paper ran it on page 3, one on page 16, and one on page 60. One story

<sup>2</sup> For a confirming item, see EDUCATION.

<sup>3</sup> Thus David voiced the wish (*II Samuel 12:20*) that the dying of King Saul and his son Jonathan in battle with the Philistines could be kept from the Philistines themselves lest they rejoice.



EDITOR HALL  
A two-sided story.

was only three paragraphs long. Anything like that happening in Montgomery would have made the lead story in all of those papers. Yet they ignore their own dirty wash. It makes me mad."

Both in Detroit and Chicago, Hall found, editors deliberately play down racial troubles in their own cities. The papers feel that full coverage of racial outbreaks might make them worse. By common consent, newspapers and radio stations in Chicago publish nothing about a tense race situation during its "incipient" stage; if a riot actually breaks out, they report it, but in the past tense as if it had already blown over, even if it should still be raging. Concludes Hall: "The race issue is not a Southern dilemma but a national problem. Discrimination is discrimination everywhere, not just when it happens under a Southern magnolia."

**Middle Ground.** Editor Hall's father, editor of the *Advertiser* before him, won a 1928 Pulitzer prize for editorials attacking the Ku Klux Klan. Young Hall worked as a police reporter, capital correspondent, and columnist before he took over the editor's chair in 1947. He was soon running one of the nation's liveliest editorial pages. He has editorialized wittily, and sometimes savagely, on everything from post office pens to international policy—with plenty of attention in between to blasting Alabama's Governor James ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom ("This untaught knave . . . lacks the grace and prudence to keep zipped his flapping mandible to conceal his void").

On integration, Hall has taken a middle-ground position; he thinks it unfeasible for years to come in the Deep South, but he avoids preaching resistance. He has rapped the White Citizens' Councils as "manicured Kluxers," and given the Negro bus boycotters a fair shake in his news columns. But his latest campaign is drawing praise from Southern extremists, and



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Charles Henry





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it won a laudatory resolution from the Alabama legislature. Admits Hall: "I am, unhappily, comforting a lot of people I don't want to comfort."

Yet Hall's series is also turning the North's eyes on its own vulnerability. In an exchange of open letters, Hall prompted Editor James Wechsler of the New York Post to assign Reporter Ted Poston to do a series on anti-Negro discrimination in New York. This week, describing how it feels to be a Negro up North, Reporter Poston, a Kentucky-born Negro, agreed that "there is no real Mason-Dixon line to American race prejudice." But he also made an important distinction that has slipped past Hall in his series thus far. Wrote Poston: "Prejudice up here is often a reflection of individual bias and ignorance. But it has neither the backing of the state nor the power of public opinion behind it."

## Mother Knows Best

When a Russian censor bottles up some of his copy, the Baltimore *Sun's* Moscow Correspondent Howard M. Norton often lets off steam in an uncensored letter to his mother, Mrs. Grace Murphey, who lives in Miami. A few weeks ago Mrs. Murphey showed the letters to a friend, Miami Herald Reporter Phil Fortman. The Herald promptly announced a series based on them, including such nuggets—censored out of Norton's dispatches—as an account of worshipful Muscovites braving the new line against Stalin to visit his mausoleum.

As a friendly gesture, Reporter Fortman sent the Baltimore *Sun* carbons of his series in advance, in case it wanted to print what its correspondent had been sending home. Seeing the first batch, the *Sun* let out a pained squawk that could be heard from Miami to Moscow. The paper not only felt entitled to its correspondent's full services but feared that its investment in setting up Moscow coverage would be jeopardized if the Russians got the notion that Norton was breaking censorship. The Herald had already run the first installment. But after the *Sun* called the Miami paper, the series vanished, just as completely as if it had been bottled up by the Russian censor himself.

## End of the Rope

After the House of Commons voted to outlaw the death penalty, Britain's Chief Hangman Albert Pierrepoint, 45, quit the job that has been in his family for 85 years and turned his strong, steady hand to his memoirs. Fleet Street, which has spiced many a grey Sunday with the death-cell memoirs of murderers, bid eagerly for the chance to take their readers right into the execution chamber. The winner: Lord Kemsley's Sunday *Empire News* (circ. 1,961,230), which paid a reported £40,000 (\$112,000) for Pierrepoint's own story of how, in 26 years, he took 433 men and 17 women to the gallows.

The hangman's memoirs brightened the Sabbath with intimate glimpses of the killers about to die ("He blinked be-



Kemsley

EXECUTIONER PIERREPOINT  
His readers were left hanging.

wildly, screwing up his eyes") and craftsmanlike pride in his humane efficiency ("I hanged John Reginald Christie, the Monster of Killington Place, in less time than it took the ash to fall off a cigar I had left half-smoked in my room at Pentonville"). After an execution (fee: \$42), Pierrepoint would go back to his cigar and his regular job (pubkeeper).

The *Empire News* series was such a coup in sensation-hungry Fleet Street that the Sunday Dispatch tried to run neck and neck by publishing installments from the diary of a second-string hangman named William Willis. But Pierrepoint was so far out ahead that the Dispatch had to fall back on a new serial called "Liana—the Blonde from the Jungle."

Then the shadow of the Home Office fell between Pierrepoint and his readers. The government, which still supports the death penalty, felt that the memoirs made grisly grist for foes of capital punishment, who are now pushing their bill in the House of Lords. Under the Official Secrets Act, the Home Office demanded the right to censor the stories. When the paper defied the censorship in one installment, the government threatened to prosecute at the next violation.

The *Empire News* waved the banner of "freedom of the press," and the World's Press News asked pointedly why the Official Secrets Act, if used against Pierrepoint, should not be applied to Sir Winston Churchill for publishing some of the "closest secrets of the war." Gately, the *Empire News* carried on with the series, though "deleting . . . those passages which seem to arise from knowledge gained by Mr. Pierrepoint in the course of his official duties." That left Pierrepoint little of the noose fit to print. This week Pierrepoint reached the end of his rope. Announced the *Empire News*: "In view of the difficulties . . . it has been decided to cancel the series."



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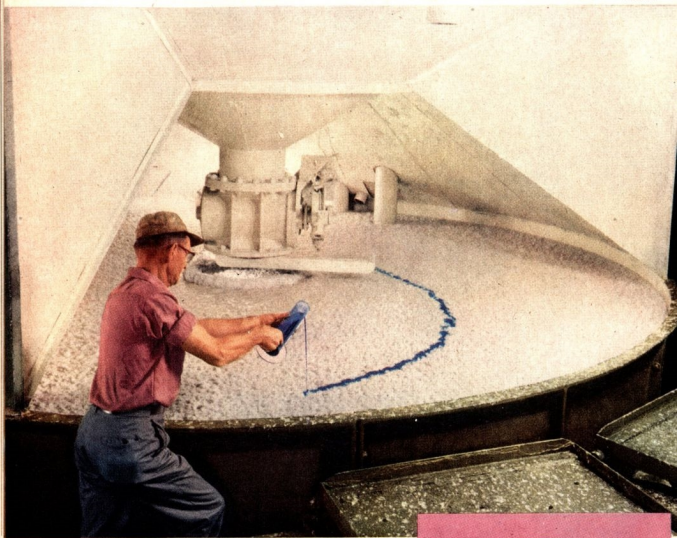


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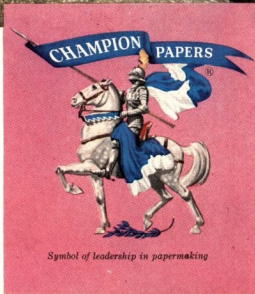
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## RADIO & TELEVISION

### The Tact Expert

When NBC-TV produced Richard Strauss's opera *Salome* a couple of years ago, the striptease question had to be faced. How would the heroine be shown on TV screens after she took off the seventh veil? "Sheath her in a flesh-colored leotard," said Stockton Helffrich, a specialist in such matters. "Have the camera pan on her neck. Then once everybody knows she's wearing something under the veils, you can go to town."

The advice from the expert was followed, brought no complaints from viewers. Expert Helffrich, 44, is NBC's director of continuity acceptance, which means



Fred Stein

NBC's HELFFRICH

What's under the seventh veil?

he is a censor with the accent on the positive. Aided by a coast-to-coast staff of 35, he passes on all radio and TV material that goes out over the network. But he has transformed the censor's formula ("You can't do this") into the editor's ("This is how you can do it").

Some of the problems of the job are set forth in an interface publication whose chapter headings range from "Objections" to "Of necklines, lust and divorce." Complaints pour in daily, blasting NBC for such sins as undermining the language by billing the *perry como show* in lower-case letters, and subverting the nation by pointing out in *Biographies in Sound* that George Washington was not perfect. But Helffrich has found that the principal areas of censorship trouble lie in 4) racial hysteria, 2) obvious salaciousness, 3) excessive violence and 4) irresponsible slaps at mental illness.

Helffrich went to work for NBC 23 years ago as a page boy. At the time, studio executives thought that the page boys, who were guiding tens of thousands

of tourists around the Manhattan studios, lacked diplomacy. Helffrich, just out of Penn State, was appointed guide in charge of tact. Except for a wartime tour of duty with the Navy, he has been with NBC ever since, and believes that he is still dealing largely in tact. Some of his decisions depend on sensitivity (the words, offensive to Negroes, of such Stephen Foster songs as *Old Black Joe* and *Massa's in de Cold Ground* have not recently been heard on NBC); some depend on horse sense (in the past year the word "hell" has been approved on ten shows, the word "damn" on seven shows, but the expression "God damn" went over the network unapproved when Actor Lloyd Bridges' emotions got out of hand during a taut moment in Reginald Rose's *Temporary Town*).

This week one of Helffrich's more tactful decisions probably went unnoticed by the millions whose viewing was affected by it. Without any outside pressure, he eliminated 90 seconds from NBC's *Medic* (Mon. 9 p.m.). The shocker of a sequence was shot in a hospital operating room and showed a Caesarian section, including the incision and birth of the baby. "Pointless realism," said Helffrich, "that was calculated to horrify."

### Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, April 18, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

#### TELEVISION

**Person to Person** (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Edward R. Murrow interviews Burl Ives, Harry Conover.

**Baseball** (Sat. 1:55 p.m., CBS). New York Yankees vs. Boston Red Sox.

**Texaco Star Theater** (Sat. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Jimmy Durante.

**Kelly-Rainier Wedding** (Sat. 11 p.m., CBS). Highlights of the week-long festivities.

**Goodyear Playhouse** (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). *Career Girl* by Jerome Ross.

**Alfred Hitchcock Presents** (Sun. 9:30 p.m., CBS). *Never Again*, starring Louise Allbritton.

**See It Now** (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). "Report from Africa." Part I.

#### RADIO

**Kelly-Rainier Wedding** (Wed. 6 p.m., NBC). On-the-spot report of ceremony.

**CBS Radio Workshop** (Fri. 8:30 p.m., CBS). "Living Profile" of Realty Operator William Zeckendorf.

**Philadelphia Orchestra** (Sat. 10:05 p.m., CBS). Conductor: Eugene Ormandy. Soloist: Pianist Rudolf Serkin.

**Woolworth Hour** (Sun. 1 p.m., CBS). The Australian Jazz Quartet.

**New York Philharmonic** (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Dimitri Mitropoulos conducts, Tossy Spivakovsky plays Sibelius' *Violin Concerto in D Minor*.

**Boston Symphony** (Mon. 8:15 p.m., NBC). Leonard Bernstein conducts Prokofiev's *Symphony No. 5*.

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# MEDICINE

## Cancer-Causing Fraction

In the intensive study of the relationship between cancer and cigarette smoking, it was clearly a breakthrough. Searching for the element in cigarette tar that causes cancers on mice (and, presumably, lung cancer in man), U.S. and Canadian scientists had narrowed the field to an identifiable fraction.

Last week Dr. Ernest L. Wynder of Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute and the University of Toronto's Dr. George Wright told fellow experts in Atlantic City that they had separated the tar (by machine-smoking tons of cigarettes) into acid, alkaline and neutral portions. These were subdivided again until the researchers found the active cancer-causing fraction. It proved to be in the neutral portion. Isolated and applied to mice in the laboratory, it produced many cancers. Although it constitutes only 1½% of the tar, the dangerous material contains many different chemical compounds, including a number known as aromatic polycyclic hydrocarbons. Next steps: identify the compounds, find out where they come from, and try to eliminate them from cigarettes.

## The Explorer

(See Cover)

The dark, intense young man ambulating through the great arcaded court at the University of Vienna was caught in fantasy. He was still a student, a nobody, a Jew in Franz Josef's Austria. Yet, as he admired the statues of great professors in the university's hall of fame, Sigmund Freud dreamed of a day when his own likeness would be there among the great; he even envisaged the inscription for it.

Today, 80 years since the dream and 100 years since Freud was born, his bronze image stands in that dusty hall of fame, and below, just as he had conceived it, is the inscription from Sophocles: "ὅς τὰ κλέϊν' ἀντίματ' ᾔδει καὶ κράτιστος ἦν ἀνὴρ". (Who divined the fabled riddle and was a man most mighty).<sup>φ</sup>

<sup>φ</sup> Said of Oedipus by the chorus at the close of *Oedipus Tyrannus*. Finding his native Thebes terrorized by a Sphinx that slew all who could not answer her riddles, Oedipus answered her correctly, and the Sphinx destroyed herself. He then married Jocasta, by whom he had four children, not knowing she was his own mother, or that he had killed his own father.

H. G. Casparius



The riddle that entranced Sigmund Freud was the same that had entranced man through the ages—What am I?

Freud did not divine it. But he penetrated so deeply and so disturbingly into its dark recesses as to earn permanent membership in that small fraternity of men who, by thought alone, have shaken and shaped man's image of himself.

**Day of Eulogy.** Sigmund Freud's membership in that fraternity will be formally recognized a fortnight hence, on May 6, when ceremonies at seats of learning in the Western world will commemorate the centennial of the birth of the man who devised psychoanalysis—the exploration of the Unconscious—and thereby opened the way to modern psychiatry and the treatment of man's aberrations. In Vienna, where Freud made his great exploration, there will be three memorial meetings, and wreaths will be laid at the base of his statue. From the University of Chicago some of Freud's most earnest disciples, among them his devoted follower and biographer, Britain's Dr. Ernest Jones,<sup>φ</sup> will broadcast talks on the impact of Freud on psychiatry and medicine. A transatlantic hookup will join London and New York in a commemoration of Freud's impact on the arts, literature and science.

No day of eulogy is needed, however, to dramatize the legacy of Sigmund Freud to his generation and generations to come. Christianity brought to Western civilization the conviction that man is governed by his God through his deathless soul. Along came the Renaissance and then the 18th century rationalists to counter this doctrine with another faith: man is responsible to reason alone; there is no God, no immortal soul. Then came Sigmund Freud to champion a newer hypothesis: man, without a God, is largely governed by a strange, little-known power called the Unconscious. It was a startling, indeed a discomfiting theory (though it had been hinted at even before Oedipus confronted the Sphinx), for it asked man to alter his vision of himself and almost everything that he valued, from his religion to his mode of dress.

Today the Freudian hypothesis is only 60 years old (and has been widely known for only half that time), and its author is 17 years dead. To a few thousand intellectuals concentrated most heavily in the English-speaking world and especially in the U.S., Freud survives as a great liberator who freed the human mind from medieval bondage. To millions his name and the terms he has willed to the language are things to be used, half in jest,

<sup>φ</sup> A brilliant Welshman who is now 76, Jones studied under Freud during visits to Vienna, has written in the first two volumes of a projected three-volume work, *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud*, one of the most penetrating biographies of modern time (TIME, Oct. 19, 1953; Sept. 19, 1955). A firm admirer, Analyst Jones also is responsible for placing Freud's bust in the great hall of the University of Vienna with the inscription Freud confessed having imagined in the 1870s.

SIGMUND FREUD AT HOME (1931)



## THEME & VARIATIONS

*If self-analysis made Freud a relatively adjusted man, it never blunted the sharpness of his search for understanding. He was too restless an explorer to remain content with his theories, worked until his death on amendments and additions. He*

*was far less tolerant toward others' discontent with his theories, bitterly opposed some followers' deviations, but might well have accepted others that have developed since. Some rudiments of the Freudian main theme and principal variations:*

**Sigmund Freud** held that the nature of man is essentially biological; man is born with certain instinctual drives. Most notable: the drive toward self-gratification. Basic mental energy, or *libido*, is equated with sexual energy by making the word "sex" stand for all pleasure.

Infant's first search for gratification is limited to release of hunger tension—*oral* phase. If there is no nipple handy, he puts thumb in mouth. Next comes satisfaction from defecation—*anal* phase. Third, pleasure from sensation in sexual parts—*phallic* phase. (Association of sexual gratification with reproduction—*genital* phase—does not come until sexual maturity.) Beginning about age two, the child's emotional attachment to mother leads to wishes to displace father—*Oedipal feelings* (the older, more rigid concept of an Oedipus complex is now frowned upon).

The psyche is divided horizontally into *conscious* and *unconscious*, vertically into *id*, *ego* and *superego*. Gradually the child's unconscious fills more or less deliberately with things forgotten (*suppressed*) because they are unpleasant, and, more importantly, with emotions and drives which are too painful ever to be tolerated in consciousness (*repressed*).

The *id*, entirely unconscious, most primitive part of the mind, is concerned only with gratification of drives. The *ego*, almost entirely conscious, develops from experience and reason, deals with perception of the environment, tries to go about governing *id*. *Superego*, largely unconscious, sits as judge, decides whether or not *ego* may permit *id* the gratification it seeks; it is conscience, made up of attitudes absorbed unwittingly in childhood and (to a much less extent) of attitudes consciously learned or adopted later.

*Neurosis*, to Freud, results from unsuccessful attempt by the personality to achieve harmony among *id*, *ego* and *superego*, and this failure in turn results from arrest of development at an *immature* stage. Commonest cause of emotional disharmony: failure to resolve *Oedipal feelings*. Example: many girls who profess to seek marriage actually avoid it because the prospect activates the threat of unacceptable emotions which are *fixated* to their fathers.

Among the *mechanisms* used to deal with conflicts: *projection* involves denial of an unacceptable element in the self and projecting it onto others, e.g., man who bangs desk and shouts: "Who's excited? You're excited, not me!" *Reaction formation* covers conversion of unacceptable hostility into cloying solicitousness, seen in many do-gooders and some overprotective mothers who unconsciously *reject* their children.

Another way of using libidinal energy: *sublimation* into constructive and creative work or play.

To resolve neuroses, patient on couch tells in *free association* all that comes into his mind, especially about early *trauma* (shock). Since infancy and much of childhood are consciously "forgotten," these experiences must be recaptured with the help of the language of dreams—perhaps the most important single tool of analysis. There is no absolute symbolism (snakes may be phallic to one dreamer but to another merely reminiscent of a trip to the zoo), hence no universal key to the meaning of dreams. Analysis is complete when the patient has developed social responsibility, having dredged up all pertinent childhood traumas, recognized his unconscious Oedipal and other socially unacceptable impulses, and learned at a deep emotional level rather than a superficial intellectual level to live with such *id*-bits.

**Alfred Adler** (1870-1937) developed "individual psychology," which denies the overriding importance of infantile sexuality, argues that sexual maladjustments are a

symptom, not a cause of neurosis. Adler gave *inferiority complex* to the language, said infants have *inferiority feelings* because they are small, helpless. Lack of parental tenderness, neglect or ridicule may make these feelings neurotic. Natural tendency is to seek *compensation* by becoming superior, hence open struggle for naked power. *Power drives* are often neurotic because directed to impractical goals. Emphasized *ego* over *id*.

**Carl Gustav Jung** of Zurich holds that primal *libido*, or *life force*, is composed of both sexual and nonsexual energy, accepts an individual unconscious similar to Freud's but sees also a *collective unconscious* containing man's "racial memories." Within this are emotional stereotypes (*archetypes*) common to all races of man, e.g., the Jovian figure of the "old, wise man," the earth-mother. In Jungian "analytical psychology," the analyst participates more actively than in Freudian analysis. Jung aims especially at people over 40, largely because he believes they most feel the need of a religious outlook, which he encourages.

**Otto Rank** (1884-1939) went Freud one better, held that Oedipal feelings came too late to be decisive. Real trouble, said he, was *birth trauma*—the shock of having to leave the warm security of the womb for the harsh reality of separate life. Anxiety caused by this experience formed sort of reservoir which should seep away gradually during maturation. If it persisted, then neurosis set in. Rank hoped to shorten analysis by going back to birth trauma, ignoring most of childhood.

**Karen Horney** (1885-1952) applied the thinking of anthropologists and sociologists to psychoanalysis, gave great weight to cultural factors in neurosis. Rejected Freud's biological orientation, emphasized importance of *present life situation*. Modified Adler's concept of neurotic goals, adding that these contain their own sources of anxiety. Thus in coping with one difficulty, patient may set up neurotic defenses which bring on new difficulties, and so on. Widely remembered for her unfortunately titled book, *Self-Analysis* (1942), which is no do-it-yourself kit for cracks in the psyche.

**Harry Stack Sullivan** (1892-1949) held that the human individual is the product of *interpersonal relations*, based an entire analytic theory on this concept. Pattern of child's earliest nonsexual relationships with significant figures largely (but not rigidly) determines the pattern of all later *interpersonal integration*. Man's aims are seen as pursuit of satisfaction (biological) and pursuit of security (cultural). If society denies satisfaction in sexual sphere, neurosis may result, but according to Sullivanians (a numerically small but influential school in U.S.), it comes far more often from frustration, for whatever reason, in cultural sphere.

**Erich Fromm** of Manhattan and Mexico City denies that satisfaction of instinctual drives is focal problem, points out that man has fewer inherited behavior patterns than any other creature. In feudal times, he argues, the stratified, crystallized society wherein every individual knew his place gave security. Renaissance and mercantilism brought *freedom* from antlike existence but conferred (except on a privileged few) no *freedom* to work toward individual self-fulfillment. Thus neurosis today results mainly from frustrations which present trend of society threatens to intensify.

to cover up a *lapsus linguae* ("a Freudian slip") or to explain a character defect ("Don't blame Johnny; it's just a defense mechanism"). His theories are a high-assay lode for the pickaxes of cartoonists and cocktail-party wits. To more millions who have heard of him only from the pulpit, Freud is the spade-bearded Antichrist, who debased mankind by insisting that all man's works, whether he desires it or not, are inspired by SEX.

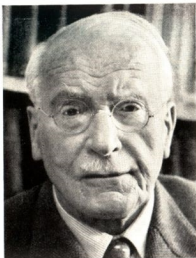
His teachings, while never susceptible to the kind of proof that physical science demands, have set the direction of much of 20th century social sciences—psychology, anthropology, sociology—and they have drawn the charts for modern medicine's progress into the diagnosis and cure of mental illness. But he was in essence less a scientist than a philosopher, perhaps less a healer than the maker of a system of thought—and a mythos—acceptable to his time. His ideas, defying harness and too soaring to rest within the narrow confines of hospital ward and doctor's office, flared out to all compartments of 20th century life—religion, morals, philosophy, the arts, even commerce and industry, and the assembling of armies. The poet, W. H. Auden, captured him thus:

*If often he was wrong and at times absurd,  
To us he is no more a person  
Now but a whole climate of opinion*

**Family Tangle.** As is its wont, destiny picked an unlikely setting to bring forth one of its to-be-favored sons. Sigmund Freud was born on May 6, 1856, eldest of eight children in his wool-merchant father's second brood. The place was Freiberg, in Moravia (now in Czechoslovakia and renamed Příbor). Jakob Freud was 41, his new wife 21. By his first marriage he had two sons; Emanuel, the elder, had already made him a grandfather by the time Sigmund was born, so the new arrival had a nephew who was older than himself.

This was not the only relationship that proved puzzling to the infant Sigmund: his other half brother, Philipp, was almost exactly his mother's age. So, according to psychoanalytic hindsight, his infant mind paired them off and "blamed" Philipp for his mother's pregnancies. The next baby, Julius, arrived when Sigmund was only eleven months old, and died at eight months. By an extraordinary reach, Analyst-Biographer Jones credits Sigmund with having wished Julius' death, and then having suffered unbearable guilt when the wish was fulfilled. More solid is the evidence that Sigmund suffered pangs of jealousy when, at 2½, he again had to share his mother's warmth and love, this time with his first sister, Anna. He never liked or forgave her.

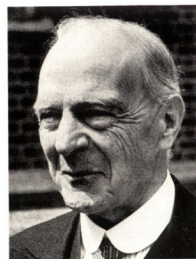
There can be no doubt that because of the tangled age-sex relationships in his family, Sigmund Freud was early preoccupied with the riddles of sex. Yet it was not all damaging. He was breast-fed and, as first-born, remained his mother's favorite throughout her long life (to 1930). Freud wrote: "A man who has been the



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What am I?

indisputable favorite of his mother keeps for life the feeling of a conqueror, that confidence of success that often induces real success." Mother was indulgent: it was not she but his father who scolded him at the age of two for bed-wetting. Father was firm without being harsh. There is no reason to believe that he ever threatened Sigmund with mutilation for masturbating, though this seems to have been a common threat in Europe then. Yet Freud was eventually to decide that every man suffers from a fear of being castrated.

Sigmund's constant companion was his nephew John, and (says Jones with unanalytical British understatement) "there are indications that their mutual play was not always entirely innocent." Their lack of innocence extended to play with John's sister Pauline, and Freud (as he told later) had fantasies of her being raped by both John and himself. Outstanding in his early relationships was his attitude toward a father old enough to be his grandfather. By putting him on a pedestal of eld and aloofness, and absolving him of "blame" for his mother's pregnancies, little Sigmund had few or no conscious wishes to replace his father in his mother's affections and/or bed. His Oedipal feelings were displaced upon Philipp. This may have made it easier for him to see Oedipus in others—perhaps to the point of exalting the notion beyond its true value. It was a shock when, subjecting himself to history's first psychoanalysis at 41, he discovered that he had had unconscious Oedipal feelings like any other patient.

**Delayed Degree.** When Sigmund was four, the family moved to Vienna. A bookworm, he graduated from high school *summa cum laude* at 17. It was then the fashion in polite strata of most European society to lock sex in a darkened bedroom and pretend that otherwise (except for *haut-monde* libertines and the licentious "lower classes") it did not exist. For whatever inner need, the adolescent Freud accepted this viewpoint, once even warned his sister Anna off Balzac and Dumas.

There is no clear explanation of Freud's choice of medicine as a career. His own best version (one of several) is that "I felt an overpowering need to understand something of the riddles of the world in which we live, and perhaps even to contribute something to their solution." Even after he had finished his medical courses (at 22), he remained in the laboratories with zoology, chemistry, physiology and neurology. In the end it was no mission to relieve suffering humanity that took him out of the lab into practice as an M.D., but a combination of romance and economics. At 25 he fell in love with Martha Bernays. To marry and raise a family, he had to earn a living instead of continuing to live off his aged, impoverished father and on loans. So Freud plunged into the practice of neurology, and then, after four years of penny-pinching and passionate correspondence with his fiancée, he married.

**No Bath, No Apple.** A traveling fellowship to study in Paris under the famed Jean Martin Charcot in 1885 turned



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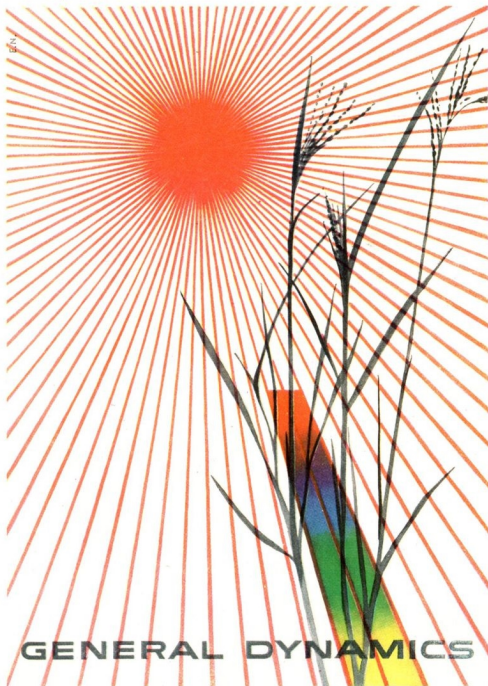
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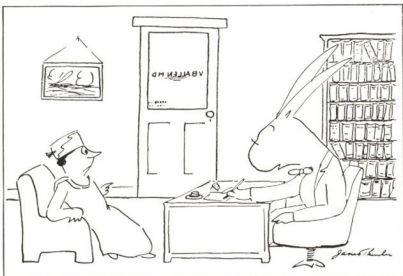
Freud's mind upon the inner workings of the human mind, and especially upon hysteria and the hypnosis that Charcot used in treating it. It was a long series of hesitant and even devious steps from there to psychoanalysis. Freud was no Archimedes rushing from the bath and shouting "Eureka," not even a Newton, blasted into wakeful inspiration by the fall of an apple. He was a plodder.

The case of hysterical Anna O. (real name: Bertha Pappenheim, 1859-1936), a patient of his friend and colleague, Josef Breuer, gave Freud the first hint of how a troubled person may ease or banish symptoms by talking about them. From Patient Emmy von N., Freud realized that a victim of hysteria becomes emotionally attached to her (or his) physician. It occurred to him that there was a sexual basis for emotional upsets, so they could be resolved by analysis in a laboratory-style emotional attachment. When Freud interrupted the "stream of consciousness" recital of Patient Elisabeth von R., she complained and said that it was better to let her ramble on, because one idea led to another in her mind. Thus another insight, free association, came to Freud. The couch, with its comfortable encouragement to talkativeness, became the workbench of psychoanalysis.

The world stirred only fitfully at first. Freud's key book, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, in which he set forth his gospel, sold only 600 copies, netted the author \$250 in royalties in the eight years after its publication in 1900. He had the ear of only a small group of devoted admirers among Vienna psychologists and psychiatrists (among them Alfred Adler), who met weekly at his home on the Berggasse as the "Psychological Wednesday Society." A few tentative references to Freud's work were beginning to appear in English (more in Britain than the U.S.); he was ridiculed in Germany.

From Switzerland came better tidings. At Zurich's famed Burghölzli Mental Hospital Carl Gustav Jung had learned Freud's methods from his writings and had begun to apply psychoanalysis to patients, including a few suffering from psychoses. Better yet, he had developed a set of word-association tests that seemed to him to confirm some of Freud's basic views. Then early in 1907 there came to Vienna in pilgrimage the first of the few disciples who were to remain loyal to Freud through all the storm and stress of later years: Max Eitingon, Sándor Ferenczi, Karl Abraham, Hanns Sachs and Ernest Jones. In 1909 recognition crossed the Atlantic: Freud and Jung, Ferenczi and Jones attended the 20th anniversary celebration of Clark University in Worcester, Mass., on the invitation of psychologist G. Stanley Hall. For all his favorable reception in the U.S., Freud detested the country and expressed his feelings in petty ways. Tobacco, he once sneered, was the only excuse for Columbus' great mistake.

**An Appendage.** It was not surprising, in an adventure so heady, intense and trackless, that dissension developed among the explorers. Largely because he thought that inferiority feelings and power drives



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"You said a moment ago that everybody you look at seems to be a rabbit. Now just what do you mean by that, Mrs. Sprague?"

were more important than sexuality in emotional growth, Adler broke with Freud in 1911 amid wrangling and recriminations; they were antagonists until Adler's death in 1937. Another reason for Freud's defection was Freud's immoderate admiration and affection for Carl Jung, the only non-Jew (aside from Jones) in the inner circle, and the man clearly designated by Freud as the heir apparent to the couch-throne of psychoanalysis. But by 1913 Jung denied the predominantly sexual nature of the libido, or life energy, and turned his back forever upon Freud. "The brain is viewed as an appendage of the genital glands," he once bitterly summed up Freud's theory. Jung (*TIME*, Feb. 14, 1955) lives in Zurich today, a ripe 80, contentedly delving into dreams, yoga, Buddhism, ancient superstitions, tribal rites and other mystic areas.

So the cult of psychoanalysis began to develop its schismatic sects and diametrically opposed dogmatists. But Freudian dogma remained its core, and it began to win acceptance among the unhappy, the emotionally distressed and dispossessed. It found its place—not among the poor but among the intelligentsia of the West—not among the deeply ill psychotics (Freud felt that psychoanalysis did not appear to be applicable to the psychoses) but among the maladjusted. The Freudian couch was primarily crafted for them. Psychoanalytic institutes sprang up in Vienna and Geneva, Paris and London, New York and Chicago.

**Man of Contradiction.** At 19 Berggasse in Vienna Freud decided on to refine his theories. Having divided the mind into Conscious and Unconscious, he now divided it again into Id, Ego and Superego. He repeatedly modified his theories about man's basic instincts and, in the '20s, suggested that there may really be only two: a life-and-love instinct (Eros\*) and

an equally strong death-and-aggression instinct (Thanatos).

His self-analysis had left him with few neurotic cares (among them: an anxiety about missing trains and some irregularity of his bowels, or, as he called them, his Konrad). He worked prodigiously for nine months of the year, received patients from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., with only an hour out for lunch, took little longer over dinner with his family (wife, three sons, three daughters and sister-in-law Minna Bernays\*) before burying himself in the task of assembling data and writing down his theories. He regularly worked until 1 or 2 a.m.

An inveterate rubberneck, he passed his long summer vacations in almost constant touring, often through Italy and occasionally Greece, but usually without his wife.

He was a contradictory character. A cold scientist in the days when he was dissecting the nervous system of crayfish, he gave play to another side of his personality when he took his plunge into the Unconscious; even some of his ardent followers concede that in psychoanalysis Freud was unscientific. By nature both tolerant and reflective, he could also be both impatient and intolerant. A searching student of human nature who saw it in all its shades of grey, he yet had a naive way of seeing all acquaintances as either black or white—with the added complication that white friend could turn into black foe overnight.

Freud could be charming. His penetrating, attentive eyes inspired confidence. Relatively short (5 ft. 7 in.) and slight, he was unaffected and simple in demeanor. Not literally a wit, he had a lively sense of humor, and often threw his head back and laughed softly in a way that impressed

\* His favorite child was always daughter Anna, now 60 and a practicing child psychiatrist (modified Freudian) in London. By no Freudian slip her father, who so overshadowed his three sons that none ever attained eminence, once referred to her as "my only son, Anna."

† The Greek god of love, better known these days as Cupid.



FREUD'S STUDY (WITH FIRST COUCH OF PSYCHOANALYSIS)  
Elisabeth von R. lay here.

U.S. Journalist Max Eastman as "quaint and gnomelike." Freud's voice, too, was gentle. But the master of psychoanalysis could be as imperious as a Habsburg in defense of his rights or his realm. And the man who listened to the most intimate secrets was not good at keeping them; he was often embarrassingly indiscreet.

Stricken with cancer of the jaw in later years, Freud was an uncomplaining patient. Often invited to leave Vienna (which he insisted he hated, so his staying there through 60 years of adult life cried aloud for a candid Freudian explanation), he stuck it out through the inflation after World War I and the advent of the Nazis. He even tried to stay when the Nazis marched in (March 1938). With such ill-assorted allies as the British Home Office (unanalyzed) and Princess Marie Bonaparte (analyzed to a fare-thee-well by Sigmund Freud himself), Ernest Jones flew in after the *Anschluss* and plucked Freud to the safety of London. One day, 18 months later—on Sept. 23, 1939—Sigmund Freud died. He was 83.

**With Gum & Jive.** If measured by the narrowest gauge, Freud today is a prophet with little honor in his own country. Among Vienna's 65 psychiatrists, 14 are Freudians (including six who practice psychoanalysis); Adler's adherents number four, and Jung's two. In Germany Freud's influence on psychiatry is resisted; in other walks of life it is omnipresent but hidden. Says a German-Jewish sociologist: "Nazism and anti-Freudianism have the same deep roots in the German people. Why, if they accepted Freud, they would have to stop beating their children." In Switzerland the Calvinist conscience stands in adamant resistance to Freud. In France le *Freudisme* was little more than an intellectual fad between world wars, but took a spurt when it was reimported in 1945, along with jive and chewing gum from the U.S. The spurt has died; so, almost, has an offshoot *psychoanalyse existentielle*, developed by Jean-Paul Sartre.

Britain has been made Freud-conscious

by the championship of Dr. Jones, the masterly translations of James Strachey, the polemics of Partisan Edward Glover, and the fatal fascination—plus plot ideas—Freud held out to all fiction writers. Yet all of Great Britain (pop. 51 million) has half as many analysts as New York City. There are Englishmen who still like to quote *Punch's* burlesque "explanation" of Freud back in 1934: "Without psychoanalysis we should never know that when we think a thing the thing we think is not the thing we think we think but only the thing that makes us think we think the thing we think we think."

**Pickers & Choosers.** "All good theories go to America when they die." In the case of Freud this was at least half right. With a thoroughness unmatched elsewhere in the world, psychoanalysis has found its citadel in the U.S., its founder despised. Most of the nation's 750,000 mental patients in understaffed state hospitals still are not reached by modern theory or practice. But the progressive states making radical and energetic attacks on the problem of mental illness are doing so under the leadership of psychiatrists who owe most of their orientation to Freud. Even among psychiatrists who confine their practice to analysis, it is now the practice to avoid complete allegiance to Freud and be an eclectic—a picker and chooser among all the theories and systems of psychology. But psychiatrists trained in the last quarter century and virtually all those now in training have an outlook that is rooted at least 70% in concepts and practices springing straight from Freud.

Though most do not practice "classical analysis"—because they believe it uneconomical to devote an hour a day three or more days a week for two or more years to a single neurotic patient—they practice psychotherapy on analytic principles, try to reach something like Freud's goal

by a short cut—often in one or two hours a week for three to six months.

Among the 9,000 psychiatrists in the U.S., only 619 are hard-core analysts. Several hundred psychologists also practice analysis (and are slightly referred to by M.D.s as "lay analysts"). Perhaps 15,000 patients are in analysis at any one time; the estimated total of Americans who have tried analysis (though many did not stay the full course) is well over 100,000—more than in the rest of the world.

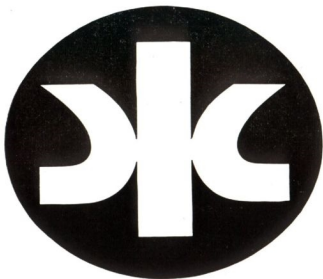
**Who's Better?** What does analysis do for patients? Says Hans Jurgen Eysenck, a bright, up-and-coming British psychologist: "I have yet to meet a Freudian who can prove that there is a higher [improvement rate] among neurotics who are psychoanalyzed . . . What evidence they do offer is anecdotal . . . In mental cases of all types about three-quarters will recover in about the same period whether they have treatment or not."

On the analysts' side, there is case after case in which patients who undergo analysis are relieved of their symptoms of neurosis. The analysts are trying to gather figures to prove the worth of their methods, but the usual criterion of success is that analyst and analysand shall agree on the outcome. Naturally, the analyst is biased, and the patient may be the victim of the Freudian mechanism of wish fulfillment. It is useless to go by the opinions of unbelievers, because most of the unanalyzed tend to feel superior to those who have succumbed sufficiently to life's stresses to pay heavily to go to a "talking doctor," "head-shrinker," or "witch doctor," and have their "heads candied." On the other hand, it is all but impossible to argue with an orthodox Freudian (as with an adherent of any other "one true faith") because anybody who rejects the dogma is instantly accused of doing so only because he has an inner, unconscious "resistance" against unpalatable truth.

**Guiltily But Traumatized.** Far more important than the relative handful of patients treated by the thin cohort of psychoanalysts centered mostly in New York and Hollywood are the millions who are daily influenced, often unknowingly, by the penetration of Freudian theory. A social worker visiting a family with health and welfare problems looks for unhealthy father-son or mother-daughter relationships. The probation officer reporting on a juvenile delinquent discusses the family background with the court in terms of aggression and compensation. So does a truant officer. In Wheeling, W. Va. last week, Thomas Williams Jr., 14, was found legally sane, sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of a nine-year-old boy after two psychiatrists appointed by the court had declared him insane. He had a romantic attachment to his mother and a desire to kill his father (straight Oedipus complex) that exploded on the young victim instead.

Benjamin Spock's *Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care*, by which millions of U.S. children are now being raised, is no Freudian text by a long shot, but most of its prescriptions, from feeding and toilet training to "play with peers," are

\* There is also the cost: three or more hours a week, at \$10 to \$25 or more an hour—from \$3,000 to \$20,000 or more for an analysis.



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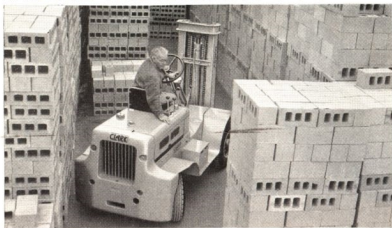


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solidly rooted in Freud's concepts. In nursery schools, self-expression owes almost all to Freud. Picking a vocation or choosing a college course, countless U.S. youths submit themselves to aptitude tests and other psychological gimmicks based on Freudian interpretation of personality structure; e.g., the Rorschach ink-blot tests may reveal hidden hostilities which would make a career as a salesman unprofitable, or dependency yearnings which would bar promotion as a foreman or executive. A firm of consultants is doing big business providing psychologists to industry. Its biggest client: Chicago's case-hardened Inland Steel Co., which employs 15 psychologists part-time to help in picking new employees and to improve old hands for promotion.

It is a measure of psychiatry's maturity as well as its penetration that religion, slowly and within stoutly defined limits, has come to accept and even to cooperate with it. Sigmund Freud, an atheist, found no place in his vision of the riddle of man for the "mass obsessional neurosis" called religion, except for its occasional help as an opiate to stifle a neurosis. For all his own scruples, he deplored society's religion-based concept of morality, saw the root of modern man's problems in the concept of sin.

Declared the Bulletin of the Catholic Clergy of Rome in 1952: "It is difficult to consider free of mortal sin anyone who uses psychoanalysis as a method of cure or who submits to such a cure." Forthwith, Pope Pius XII took pains to correct the Bulletin, and added that with certain stiff reservations, e.g., no encouragement of the idea that there can be sin without subjective guilt, psychoanalysis is a legitimate method of treatment. Protestant and Jewish faiths have lent their support to joint enterprises in psychiatry and religion, such as the National Academy of Religion and Mental Health (TIME, April 9). Jesuits take part in seminars at the famed Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kans. Next fall Union Theological Seminary will install Psychoanalyst Earl Loomis Jr., 35, as its first professor of psychiatry.

**Arguments Over.** If Sigmund Freud were still alive, he might be surprised and even put out to discover how calmly the revelations that shocked Vienna in the 1920s are now accepted and fitted to the varied beliefs, yearnings and works of religion and modern society. "They may abuse my doctrines by day," he once declared, "but I am sure they dream of them by night." In a sense he was right. Freud as philosopher and counselor to man will be the subject of argument and doubts for many days and nights to come. But over Freud as the bold explorer of the dark side of the mind, there is no argument left. Said one psychiatrist last week, Swiss Catholic Charles Baudoin: "All modern psychology must be based on the exploration of the unconscious which must allow us to understand the human soul and to influence it in a fashion never before attempted or imagined. Modern man cannot conceive of himself without Freud."





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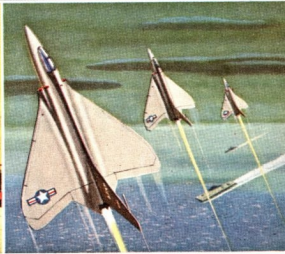
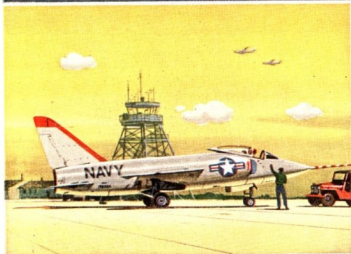
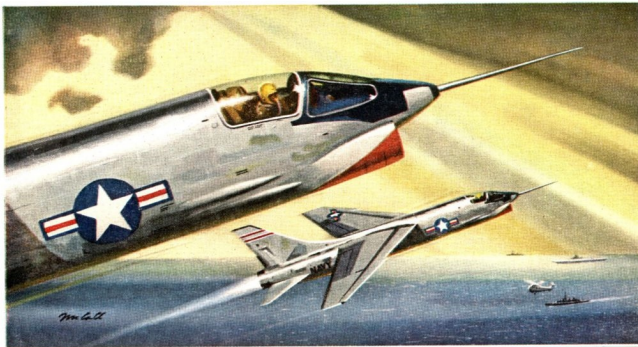
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AMONG THE FASTEST NAVY FIGHTERS ARE CHANCE Vought F8U-1 (top), powered by a Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 jet engine; GRUMMAN F11F-1 (lower left), with a Wright J-65; and DOUGLAS F4D (lower right), using a P&W J-57 engine.

## How Can America Continue to Have Navy Aircraft Second to None

The atomic age has changed warfare so radically that if an aggressor should strike the United States, there would be no time to build defenses. America to be safe must be ready beforehand. This requires years of planning because modern weapons are so complex—aircraft in particular—that they take years to design, develop, and produce.

Today the U.S. Navy, Air Force, Marines, and Army have aircraft second to none. But to continue to hold this leadership, programs of aviation research, development, and production must be maintained year after year. Only in this

way can the United States continue to exceed the known air progress of other nations.

Navy airplanes, a few of which are pictured here, provide an idea of the complexity of modern aircraft, and the diversity of their missions. Some of these have taken seven years to progress from drawing board to service with the fleet. Tomorrow's aircraft will take even longer and cost even more because of even greater performance demands. Yet if America is to remain free, U. S. military air power must continue to be unchallenged in the sky.

## How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

From the decks of far-ranging Navy carriers, from shore and water bases, hundreds of new fighting aircraft now fly in battle readiness. These fighters and attack airplanes, transports, helicopters, and guided missiles are typical of your Navy's growing strength. They are the fastest, most powerful and efficient aircraft ever built to perform their vital missions. They are a major part of modern U.S. Air Power. They exist today only because of past years of aviation research and development.

A typical example of the time it takes to get leading aircraft in quantity is the Navy's first supersonic fighter. Design of this aircraft was initiated in 1949, five years before one full squadron was available to join the fleet. Every increase in speed, altitude, range and armament raises innumerable new problems in engine design, aerodynamics, materials, electronics and weapons. There is no shortcut to making superior aircraft. In fact, as military requirements increase, the time needed to meet these demands increases too.

## How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Tomorrow's Navy planes are *today* on engineers' drawing boards, in engine test cells and flight test stations. They will be deadlier, faster, and have greater range than present aircraft. Some may even have atomic power plants.

An example of the next generation of naval aircraft is the Navy's supersonic FSU-1 *Crusader*, made by Chance Vought and powered by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's J-57 jet engine. This fighter has been under development for several years, is currently being test flown and is now in production. Yet deliveries to the fleet will not reach squadron strength before the end of this year.

Problems faced today by the aviation industry are innumerable. In developing the J-57 engine, for instance, over 4,000,000 separate problems had to be solved before volume production could begin.

Only by such continuous and uninterrupted effort can America continue to have Navy aircraft second to none.



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**FIRST BIG JET SEAPLANE** is Martin's XP6M-1 *SeaMaster*, powered by four Allison J-71 engines. Built for photo reconnaissance and mine-laying, its speed is over 600 mph. Production P6Ms will have Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-75 engines.



**LATEST McDONNELL FIGHTER** for the Navy is the F3H-2N, now being test flown. This newest model in the "Demon" series is powered by an Allison J-71. An afterburner gives it extra bursts of speed when needed.



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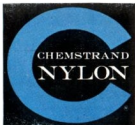
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## Happy Man

The Rev. Dr. Paul Hutchinson was a rare and happy man; he knew what he wanted to do, and he had the talent to do it with offhand distinction. A minister of the Methodist church, Paul Hutchinson brought the lively and articulate intellect of an exceptionally able journalist to his selected task: "Communicating and commending the Christian Gospel to this age." He was still vigorously communicating when he died last Sunday in Beaumont, Texas of a ruptured aorta at 65.

No single church could confine Paul Hutchinson. Born in Madison, N.J., educated for the ministry at Garrett Biblical Institute and De Pauw University, he made journalism his pulpit, edited the



PAUL HUTCHINSON  
Never retreat.

*China Christian Advocate* in Shanghai for five years, later (in 1924) changed to the nondenominational Protestant *Christian Century*. Through its pages, he took as his congregation all men who shared his faith that Christian ideals still make sense in the 20th century.

Far from a Bible-thumping fundamentalist, Editor Hutchinson had no patience for the pallid, suburban moralism that he saw replacing old-fashioned evangelism in so many Protestant communities. In the pages of the *Christian Century*, he spoke out fearlessly as a religious and political liberal. He abhorred the "psychosis" of McCarthyism; he railed against any tendency toward clerical bureaucracy. Though *Christian Century* Editor Hutchinson worked tirelessly for some sort of union between the divided denominations of Protestantism, he still found time to write a spate of books (*Storm over Asia*, *World Revolution and Religion*, *The New Levitation*) and contribute to other magazines.

One standout article: December's *LIFE* Magazine piece, "The Onward March of Christian Faith," a lucid and moving history of Christianity.

Even when he stepped down from his job as editor of the *Christian Century* last winter, Paul Hutchinson had no thought of retiring from his ministry. There were still more books that he wanted to write, uncounted lectures yet to deliver. His trip through the South was only partly vacation. Worried over the current crisis of desegregation, his host in New Orleans, a Protestant minister, tried to convince him that his only job was to throw oil on troubled waters. Dr. Hutchinson was adamant. Said he: "I am going to praise the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New Orleans for the stand he has taken—the archbishop is in serious trouble because of it—and I am going to relate U.S. problems to the long-range missionary interest of all churches, Protestant and Catholic." Until the day he died, Hutchinson lived in the faith that Christianity need never retreat.

## Mukyokai

The room in suburban Tokyo looked like any big classroom; on a dais at one end stood a desk and chair, behind them a blackboard. Some 250 people had checked their shoes at the door and filled the benches. Most of them were young; many wore the black, brass-buttoned uniform of the Japanese university student. Tadao Yanaihara, president of Tokyo University, entered, and the audience rose and bowed. They sang a hymn. Then Yanaihara sat down at the desk and lectured on the Bible for two hours and five minutes.

This was a typical Sunday meeting of *Mukyokai*, the "nonchurch" Christian movement that has become one of the most important forces in Japanese religion today. Its Japanese founder, Kanzo Uchimura, died only in 1930; today *Mukyokai* has between 50,000 and 100,000 adherents (there are no membership figures), a large proportion of the estimated 500,000 Christians in Japan. *Mukyokai* (meaning no church) claims that it is a return to the primitive Christianity of the Gospels. It has no clergy, no liturgy, no sacraments, no buildings, seems to have special appeal for intellectuals and students. Says Tadao Yanaihara, himself a *Mukyokai* leader: "To ignore it would be to make an incomplete description of Christianity in Japan. Indeed, upon them the importance of Japanese Christianity in the history of the world depends."

**Ecclesiastics Are Politicians.** Founder Uchimura, born to a samurai family in 1861, was introduced to Christianity at twelve, when a Tokyo schoolmate invited him "to a certain place in the foreigners' quarter, where we can hear pretty women sing and a tall, big man with a long beard shout and howl upon an elevated place, flinging his arms and twisting his body in all fantastic manners, to all of which admittance is entirely free." Later, at an American-founded agricultural school,

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Uchimura prayed to his Shinto gods to protect him from becoming a Christian, but to no avail. He was converted, and with six friends he formed a congregation. They met in a dormitory room, preached from a flour barrel, and rotated the office of preacher among them.

After a marriage that soon ended in divorce, Uchimura went to the U.S. At the Quaker-run Elwyn Training School for feeble-minded children in Elwyn, Pa., he learned about the love-centered, non-institutional Christianity for which he yearned. He graduated from Amherst in 1887 and spent a few months at Hartford Theological Seminary. But American seminary training, he decided, was not suitable for Christian work in Japan, and Uchimura went back home.

For most of the rest of his 69 years he lectured to followers, publishing a monthly magazine called *Seisho-no-Kenkyu* (Study of the Bible). "I dislike ecclesiastics more than anything else in this world," he wrote. "Believers believe in God; ecclesiastics try to control believers. Believers are men of faith; ecclesiastics are politicians . . . None surpass the prophets in serving God and disliking ecclesiastics." At his death in 1930, Uchimura had a huge and devoted following, but he stipulated in his will that neither his Bible class nor his magazine should be continued. *Mukyokai*, he insisted, had to avoid institutionalism of all kinds.

Uchimura's will has been defied, and his movement has gone on with giant strides. But so far, it has continued to avoid the institutionalizing he warned against. *Mukyokai* leaders, mostly in the schools and universities (including the last two presidents of Japan's leading university), acknowledge no church authority or structure. As individuals they publish more than 20 monthly magazines, mostly devoted to Bible studies, and hold informal meetings for small groups, usually consisting of prayer, hymn singing, and a lecture on a Biblical theme. Says U.S. Fulbright Scholar John Howes, who has made a special study of *Mukyokai*: "Uchimura and his followers have more than any other group made Christianity intellectually acceptable to the Japanese."

**Sheep Without Shepherds.** Such an eminent Christian as Swiss Theologian Emil Brunner, now teaching at Japan's International Christian University, has stated that if he were Japanese he would probably bypass denominational Christianity to join *Mukyokai*.

As described originally by Founder Uchimura, *Mukyokai* has a nationalistic bent. It is "the church for those who have no church. It is the dormitory for those who have no home, the orphanage or foundling home for the spirit . . . We believe there are many sheep without shepherds, many Christians without churches . . . [What is called] 'The Church' developed out of Roman influence, molded by European and American experience. There is no reason for us to learn from Westerners about this subject . . . We should return directly to Christ . . . and welcome Him into our midst."

## In the Desert

On the edge of the Sahara Desert, some 400 miles southeast of Algiers, bandits swept down on a truck filled with food one day last week and killed two of the men in the cab. For one of them, this sudden, senseless death in the desert was an end for which he was prepared. Maurice Tourville, 25, was a Little Brother of Jesus, and such a manner of dying is neither unexpected nor direly feared among the followers of Père Foucauld, a martyr who one day may be accounted one of the saints of the 20th century.

Charles-Eugene, Vicomte de Foucauld (TIME, May 4, 1953), grew to man's



OFALAC—Algier  
PÈRE CHARLES FOUCAULD  
Hope that you are martyred.

estate in a manner far from saintly. Born in Strasbourg in 1858 to a rich, aristocratic family, young Foucauld awed his classmates at St. Cyr and at cavalry school with his man-of-the-worldly ways. Wrote future General Victor d'Urbal: "Anyone who has not seen Foucauld in his room, in white flannel pajamas, comfortably ensconced on a chaise longue or a fine armchair, eating delicious *foie gras* washed down with an excellent champagne, reading Aristophanes in a de luxe edition . . . cannot form a proper idea of a man who knows how to enjoy life."

**A Gallant Name.** In a single year Cadet Foucauld spent 21 days in simple arrest, 45 days in disciplinary arrest; he graduated 87th in a class of 87. He was cashiered from his regiment for taking his mistress Mimi along with him to Algeria. But later, when his old outfit, the 4th Hussars, ran into sticky fighting against the Arabs, Foucauld tossed Mistress Mimi aside, wangled reinstatement,

and made a gallant name for himself.

He never went back to his *foie gras* and champagne. Instead, at 29, he returned to the church, joined the Trappists, then decided that the Trappist austerities were not strict enough. He went to Nazareth where he became a handyman, living in harsh poverty, with fasting and prayer. His superiors were soon treating him as a living saint. Ordained (1901), Foucauld went to live among the Arabs of North Africa, who respected him as a holy man.

One night in 1916 he was writing in the mud shelter he had built himself among the Tuaregs, when a band of marauders hauled him outdoors and shot him. Almost 40 years before, he had written: "Think that you are going to be martyred, stripped of everything, stretched out on the ground, naked, unrecognizable, covered with blood and wounds, violently and horribly murdered . . . and hope that this will happen today."

**Imitation of Christ.** Père Foucauld had dreamed of founding a religious order, but he died alone, without baptizing more than three or four converts in his entire life. In 1933 five students in the seminary of Issy-les-Moulineaux decided to found an order based on his austere rule of "extreme poverty in everything." In Algeria, on the edge of the Sahara at El-Abiodh-Sidi-Cheikh, the first novitiate of the Petits Frères de Jésus was opened. Six years later an order of women, the Petites Soeurs de Jésus, was founded.

Today, in 50 countries, there are 200 Petits Frères (both priests and lay brothers bear the same title) and 480 Petites Soeurs in groups of twos and threes in the poorest sections of wherever they happen to be. One room is always consecrated as a chapel, and an extra bed is reserved for a homeless visitor. Their uniform is the dress of the poor with a brown cross pinned to it. Their work is the most menial labor available to support them.

In Concarneau, France, three Little Brothers live as seamen, another as a factory hand. In Switzerland a group of Little Sisters live as inmates in women's prisons. In Nome, Alaska, Little Sisters are learning how to dress furs so that they can live among the Eskimos; in Chicago some live in a Negro district.

And in the wind-scoured, lunar landscape of the Sahara, where Père Foucauld lived and died, both Little Sisters and Little Brothers in blue Tuareg cloaks tend flocks of goats and live on dried tomatoes and peppers, honey, dates and figs. They make no effort to evangelize, rely instead on the power of their example to point to Christianity.

One of these exemplars is Petit Frère Guy, who was once a Trappist like Père Foucauld. To a rare visitor Frère Guy explained the difference between France's worker priests (TIME, Feb. 27, 1950 *et seq.*) and the followers of Père Foucauld: "The worker priests become workers in order to approach the laboring class and win them back to the church. The Little Brothers and Little Sisters become workers primarily to imitate Christ, who was a worker for 30 years."

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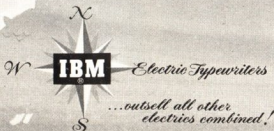
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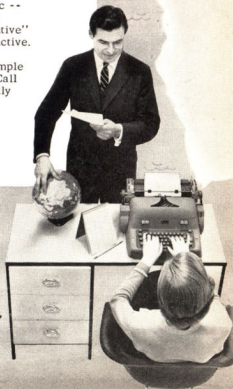
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PROPOSED PLAN FOR ST. PAUL'S

## Cathedral Setting

At the peak of the London blitz in World War II, the massive dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in the heart of the City was repeatedly showered with incendiaries and pierced by direct hits. But while whole areas surrounding the cathedral were reduced to rubble, the building designed by Sir Christopher Wren in 1675

became a symbol of London's ability to take it. The morning after a night's heavy bombing, London bobbies would look up at the cathedral, then proudly pass the word: "It's O.K. St. Paul's is still there."

**Away with Clutter.** In the eleven years that have passed since war's end, Londoners have been debating how to take advantage of the destruction to rebuild the area into a worthy setting for the cathedral. One group, now headed by Minister of Housing and Local Government (and Churchill's son-in-law) Duncan Sandys, wanted to make away with the clutter of market and business buildings that still hem in St. Paul's, create a majestic plaza in the grand manner. Another group argued that any such grandiose scheme would destroy St. Paul's traditional position as a church integrated into the design of a busy city. By

last week the honors of the debate seemed to have passed to the traditionalists.

In publishing the proposed plans for St. Paul's new setting, drawn up for the City of London's court of common council, Sir William Holford, professor of town planning at the University of London, declared himself against "any changes which tended to drain life away from the precinct." Said he: "It is too late to attempt

for St. Paul's what Bernini did for St. Peter's in Rome, and it would in any case be out of character at the top of Ludgate Hill."

**Away with Formality.** What Holford's new plan would give St. Paul's (see cut) is more breathing space than the cathedral has ever had before, within a setting of modern business buildings. Main features: 1) a paved forecourt, 100 yards wide, before St. Paul's west portal; 2) realigned streets, to provide a sweeping, unbroken expanse of lawn (and possibly a fountain) in place of St. Paul's present traffic-cluttered southeast churchyard; 3) a plan for varying the heights of surrounding buildings, among them a 23-story office building farther down Ludgate Hill, while keeping the distant view of the dome unobstructed; 4) redesign of the close-in area into a series of interconnecting courts (including a 240-car underground garage) to give partial views of the cathedral; 5) moving London's Temple Bar, symbol of the City's independence, where, ceremonially, even the monarch must pause for permission to pass, to a site between St. Paul's north transept and the forecourt.

As the council began weighing the merits of Holford's proposal, the *Times* rumbled: "The case against a formal design for the setting of St. Paul's has not been satisfactorily made out." But, on the whole, Londoners seemed more pleased than disappointed that the new setting fell short of matching the grandeur that is Rome. Commented the *London Observer*: "The Anglican Church is rather different. So is the forecourt of St. Paul's; it is the place where the Dean and the Mayor say 'How d'ye do' to the Queen."

## BACK TO DRESDEN

**D**URING the past five months nearly 300,000 visitors have tramped through East Berlin's dark, rundown National Gallery to feast their eyes on the cream of one of the world's great art collections: 536 key paintings from Dresden's state art museum, the Gemälde-Galerie (see color pages). Next week the collection will finally come down off the walls to be packed up and shipped back to Dresden for the city's 750th anniversary. There, on June 4, the paintings will at last resume their place in the partially restored art gallery from which they were hurriedly removed in the early days of World War II.

Few art collections have had a more troubled existence than the Dresden collection was subjected to in the years of hot and cold war that followed. Stored by the Germans in some 50 separate underground caches, the paintings were seized by the invading Russians in 1945, tossed helter-skelter into open trucks for the trip to Moscow. For the next decade their whereabouts was a well-kept Soviet secret. Not until the present Soviet leaders staged a red-carpet display of their booty last year at Moscow's Pushkin Museum (*TIME*, Sept. 12), before handing the collection back to the East Germans, did the Western world know how many—if any—of the museum's most important paintings were still in existence.

**Damaged Goods.** The Soviet's grand gesture nearly backfired earlier this year when Western art experts got their first close-up view of the paintings. Despite boastful Russian claims that the paintings had been carefully preserved and restored by Soviet experts, *Art News* Editor Alfred Frankfurter touched off an international art ruckus by noting that at least 30 of the

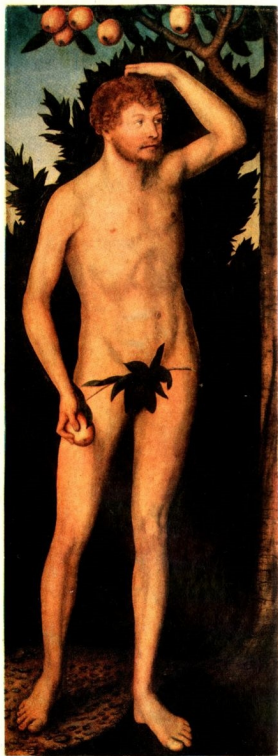
masterpieces were cracked, blistered or awkwardly patched up.

Some of the damage is still comparatively minor, e.g., the crack across the top of Tintoretto's *Rescue of Arsinoe*. But in the case of Dürer's "Dresden" altarpiece, the damage has resulted in almost total loss; the painting, done on fine linen, was apparently water-stained and rotted (probably while in the Germans' wartime hideout), then clumsily glued onto a wooden panel (probably by the Russians).

**Twelve Barrels of Gold.** Despite the wear and tear and continued bad handling (several paintings have been further damaged during the Berlin exhibition because of poor temperature and humidity control), the Dresden collection remains among Europe's top six. It was formed at the time when most of Europe's great collectors were kings and princes, whose pocket-books were all their countries' wealth could provide.

Greatest of Dresden's art patrons was Augustus III (1696-1763), both Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, who lived for art, was willing to spend as much as "twelve barrels of gold" at a time for paintings he wanted. An insatiable collector, he acquired such paintings as Vermeer's *Girl Reading a Letter* (which he thought was a Rembrandt), Rubens' *Bathsheba* and Tintoretto's *Rescue of Arsinoe*, in one peak year bought a grand total of 715 paintings. Greatest of Augustus' coups was his acquisition of Raphael's *Sistine Madonna*, once the property of the Benedictine monks of San Sisto, in Piacenza, Italy. When the painting was brought before him, Augustus pushed aside his throne, then in a rare gesture of royal humility cried: "Make room for the great Raphael."





# CRANACH

Cool, composed and modestly decorative, *Adam and Eve* were painted in 1531 for the Saxon ducal family by their court painter, Lucas Cranach the Elder, a contemporary of Dürer and Grünewald and a friend of Martin Luther.



### REMBRANDT

The buoyant *Self-Portrait with Saskia*, most famous of many Rembrandt portraits of his wife, was painted in 1635 to celebrate his recent marriage.



### VERMEER

*Girl Reading a Letter*, painted circa 1657, is one of the meticulous, light-filled scenes of domestic life that Vermeer took for his province.

### TINTORETTO

In his *Rescue of Arsinoe*, painted around 1570, Tintoretto tells, in the flamboyant manner of Venetian High Renaissance, the legend of the escape of Cleopatra's sister from the Romans in Alexandria.





## RUBENS

For his opulently Baroque version of *Bathsheba at the Fountain Receiving the Letter from David*, Peter Paul Rubens created one of his famous women "made of milk and

blood." *Bathsheba* was painted some time after 1630, and the model may have been Rubens' beautiful young wife Helena Fourment, whom he married when he was 53 and she just 16.



**VAN EYCK** *Madonna and Child Enthroned in a Church*, central panel of an altarpiece painted circa 1435 by famed Fleming Jan van Eyck, is one of the high moments of medieval art.



## The Fall of a Geneticist

One of the strangest dramas in the history of science came to an end last week. Trofim Denisovich Lysenko, dictator of Soviet geneticists and symbol of Stalin's attitude toward science, was kicked out of the presidency of the Lenin All-Union Academy of Agricultural Sciences.

During the first decade after the Russian revolution, Soviet genetics enjoyed a golden age. Lenin recognized clearly that genetics is no theory; it is a well-proved science whose techniques are enormously superior to the hit-or-miss methods used by pre-genetic plant-and-animal breeders. Russia needed more food, so Lenin gave Soviet geneticists (led by world-famed Nikolai Ivanovich Vavilov) almost unlimited support. Genetics laboratories were established in palaces of fallen aristocrats. Vavilov sent expeditions all over the world to collect crop plants for hybridizing by methods approved by the world's scientific plant breeders. The effort paid off well: many useful varieties were developed to fit Russia's diverse climates and soils.

**Remarkable Discovery.** The outside world first heard of Lysenko in 1932, when a big Soviet delegation headed by Vavilov was scheduled to attend the Sixth International Congress of Genetics at Ithaca, N.Y. Vavilov showed up alone and delivered a strange speech telling of "a remarkable discovery recently made by T. D. Lysenko of Odessa." The discovery was "vernalization," a method of refrigerating the seeds of wheat varieties that are normally planted in autumn to make them produce a crop if planted in spring. To call vernalization "a remarkable discovery" did not sound like Vavilov, who must have known that the refrigeration technique was used in the U.S. before the Civil War. Lysenko's additional claim, that this treatment turns winter wheat permanently and hereditarily into spring wheat, must have offended Vavilov deeply. The claim violated a basic principle of genetics: that the hereditary characteristics of a plant or animal are not affected by anything that happens to it during its lifetime. Winter wheat can be tricked into behaving like spring wheat, but its seeds invariably revert to the old habit.

The non-Russian geneticists at Ithaca wondered politely what had happened to the much-respected Vavilov. They could not have guessed what would soon happen to him, and to the vital agricultural sciences of the world's biggest country. The unknown Lysenko, who turned out to be a half-educated plant physiologist, rose from honor to honor. In spite of his abject behavior at Ithaca, Vavilov rapidly lost influence and was dismissed from his official Soviet posts. In 1940 he was arrested while on a field trip and sent to a small Siberian village, where he died a few years later. At least 50 other Russian geneticists disappeared.

**Not According to Marx.** Lysenko's power came from his influence with Stalin, and outsiders could only speculate about the appeal he had for the Soviet dictator. Stalin may have been attracted by Lysenko's claim that he could develop new crop varieties in a single growing season. There may have been something deeper: hatred for conventional genetics because it does not directly support Marxist dogma about human equality and perfectibility.

Whatever Stalin's reasons, he permitted Lysenko to establish his naive and bungling doctrines as an officially supported cult. Critics were punished or silenced.



RUSSIA'S LYSENKO (CIRCA 1939)  
Back to the lab.

Genetics was treated to the full fury of Communist polemics. It was denounced as "capitalist-reactionary" and as "the prop of the ideology of imperialism." To say a good word for a gene or a chromosome might cost a Soviet scientist his job or even his life. Nothing like this massive attack upon the observed and provable truth had happened in a major country since the persecution of Galileo for insisting that the earth revolves around the sun.

**Spreading Blight.** The effect of Lysenkoism on Soviet agriculture was disastrous. While other countries were using genetics to improve their crop yields mightily, the Soviet Union fell behind. None of Lysenko's alleged achievements ever proved practical. Most of his startling, experimental "results," never described in full detail, appear to have been caused by sloppy procedure. Western experts could never repeat his experiments and make them come out the way he said they did.

Lysenko's malign influence extended beyond genetics into other phases of Soviet

agriculture. He was largely responsible for a costly and disastrous experiment with forest-planting. His notions about crop rotation cost the country in one season as much grain as would have been produced by 6,000,000 acres. He refused to introduce hybrid corn, the most spectacular practical achievement of Western plant genetics. The blight of Lysenkoism even touched far-distant sciences, including chemistry and physics, where Marxist dogmatists denounced useful and well-proved principles as tainted with Western error.

Lysenko slipped fast after the death of Stalin. His critics began speaking up, and got away with it. Early in 1954 one of his protégés was denounced in *Pravda* itself. Genetics of true scientific type began to be taught and used again. When Soviet agriculturists visited the U.S. last summer, they were enormously impressed by hybrid corn and ordered carloads of seed.

Lysenko has not been shot, imprisoned or even sent to die in Siberia like his old rival Vavilov. He keeps his three Stalin prizes and his six Orders of Lenin, besides many of his honorary posts. But he knows what has happened to him. When interviewed by a Western newsmen, he said with dignity: "I shall concentrate now on my scientific work."

## The Artificial Satellite

The rocket-launching vehicle that will toss the U.S. earth satellite into its orbit is proving a tougher design job than some of the scientists thought. Last week Assistant Secretary of the Navy James H. Smith Jr., taking public notice of the fact, announced that the first satellite will not take to space until early in 1958.

As to problems of getting the satellite up into space, Milton Rosen of the Naval Research Laboratory, and technical adviser of the satellite project, told about some of the novel features of the launching vehicle. Any one of them might be a cause of failure if not designed with long, loving care. Each component will have to be tested, both separately and in combination with others, before the first launching vehicle can head for space.

**Balloon Tanks.** The vehicle, Rosen told the National Capital Astronomers, will be a three-stage rocket 72 ft. long and 45 in. in maximum diameter. It will have no fins, but will depend for steering on its movable rocket motor and an array of small gas-jets. The tanks holding the propellants (liquid oxygen and gasoline for the first stage, nitric acid and dimethyl-hydrazine for the second) will be thin-walled to save weight, and will have little strength when empty. When they are full and highly pressurized with helium, they will become as rigid as auto tires and strong enough to serve as the structure of the rocket, which will have no other outside skin. These "balloon tanks" are a new and tricky device. They should not be rushed.

The first-stage rocket, carrying stages 2 and 3 and the payload satellite, will be fired due east, to take advantage of the

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spin of the earth (1,340 ft. per second at the launching point, Cape Canaveral, Fla.). When it burns out and separates, 36 miles above the earth on a curving trajectory, the second stage will take over. After burning out in turn, it will coast upward, still attached to stage 3, to the 300-mile level. While it coasts, its mechanical brain will be reading its numerous instruments and telling little gas-jets how to turn it in space until its length is parallel with the surface of the earth. The new, untried gas-jets will also set the third stage spinning rapidly, to give it gyroscopic stability on the final orbit. All these orienting and spinning devices, as well as many of the instruments, will require much development and testing.

**Final Spurt.** When the vehicle reaches 300 miles up, it will be at orbital level, above nearly all the atmosphere and pointing in the right direction. But its speed will be only half the speed required (17,000 m.p.h.) to make the satellite stick safely to its orbit. Reaching orbital speed is the job of the third-stage rocket. The final rocket will be small and will use solid fuel, which requires no tricky pumps or valves. It will fire for 30-60 seconds, depending on how much acceleration the delicate instruments in the satellite can take without damage. When the fuel is gone, the burned-out rocket will be on an orbit, Rosen figures that it will have enough speed to carry it around an ellipse whose apogee (highest point) will be 1,400 miles above the earth and whose perigee (lowest point) will not be below 200 miles. If the satellite (an instrument-packed ball 20 in. in diameter) is separated from the rocket, both will revolve around the earth as independent satellites.

## The Squid's Stratagem

Squids, say the natural history books, use their ink to form clouds that blind pursuers. Not so, says D.N.F. Hall of the Singapore Regional Fisheries Research Station, writing in *Nature*. Squids are more subtle than that.

Hall began to doubt the cloud theory when he watched squids discharging their ink. It does not form a cloud for a considerable time, but hangs together as a dark, viscous mass. To learn more, Hall experimented with a small captive squid in a light-colored wooden tub. When his hand approached it, the squid changed color rapidly, as squids do. Just before Hall grabbed for it, it turned dark—and Hall found himself squidless. He had grabbed a blob of ink-darkened water. The real squid, now light-colored, was safe at the far side of the tub.

After many similar experiments, Hall decided that the squid's standard operating procedure is to turn as dark-colored as possible just before a pursuing enemy catches up with it. Then it ejects as a decoy a blob of inky water about as big as itself. Simultaneously, it turns light-colored and takes evasive action, pretending to be something else. This system fooled Hall, and he believes that it ought to fool the squid's natural enemies.



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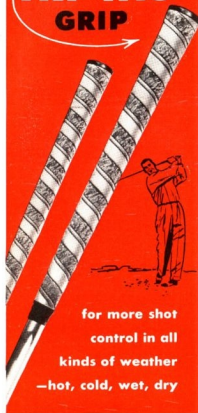
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## Four Years from Olympus

Thin shadows slanted across the late afternoon, streaking the slate-grey waters of the Severn. On the Annapolis shore, spectators took a long second look at the river. Was the haze-dimmed sun playing tricks, or was that an extra shell rowing out to the starting line for the annual Navy-Princeton varsity crew race? To sharp eyes, five interlocked circles, the Olympic insignie stenciled on the shell's bow, explained the interloper's presence. The "Admirals," Navy's 1952 champions, were back in competition, tuning up to try for a second Olympic title.

Officially, the Olympians were not even in the race. On the record books, wherever they finished, they would not "win." But in two months of advance practice, they bent to their sweeps with the same determination that won 29 straight victories for the Navy—including the Olympics—before the last of the Olympians earned their commissions and spread out into various odd channels (five are in the U.S. Air Force) from Biloxi to Hong Kong. Together again, the Admirals were working out an answer to a tough question: Could they recollect their old skill and stamina in time?

**Worried over Wives.** Four years away from the heady 1952 Olympic triumph at Meilathi Gulf, Finland, the fine rhythm and rugged power of champions were not easy to rebuild. On a previous try, the Naval Academy failed. The 1950 Olympic crew was reassembled from stations in the fleet and put into training for the 1954 games, but lost to Yale by 5 ft. in the Olympic trials. In trying to beat all others for a second Olympic try, the 1952 winners are well aware of the difficulties ahead. Soft life in wardrooms, officers' clubs and pilots' seats larded them lightly with unnecessary ballast before orders brought them back to Annapolis. Of the

18 officer oarsmen (a second-string boatload also got orders to crew duty), nine had married, and five were already fathers; the old days of monastic concentration on the job at hand were gone for good. Hands had gone soft. Even after bathing them in alcohol and alum, some of the crewmen could not be sure their palms would stand the wear.

For Coach Rusty Callow, the main problem of a comeback for his aging world-beaters was a bit more esoteric: how to keep ever-present wives from heckling their husbands. But Rusty's fears were groundless. The women have proved willing to let their men eat at training table instead of at home.

**Weighted for Hope.** When they pulled away from the stake boats on the Severn for their first competitive trial last week, for a few breathtaking moments the Admirals seemed to have found their old skill. Swinging into a high, 45-beat stroke, they slid into an early lead. But stamina was lacking; over the long pull, their wind was not equal to the job. They gasped through their finishing sprint, unable to stay with Princeton's well-conditioned undergraduates. They finished second by three lengths, but well ahead of Navy's own varsity. Coach Callow was far from disappointed. Said he: "The Admirals were terrific. They did better than I expected. When they lose that excess weight—well, we can hope, can't we?"

## Yoshi! Yoshi!

Shivering spectators applauded, the police band whanged away for all it was worth. Any kind of action helped cut the chill of Tokyo's clammy, cavernous Metropolitan Gymnasium. Then the contestants, some 120 table-tennis players from 16 different countries, marched in, a radiant blaze of uniforms under the bright lights. Any color except white was allowed at the 23rd World Championship



Walter Bennett

NAVY'S ADMIRALS  
The wind gave out.



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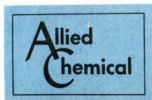


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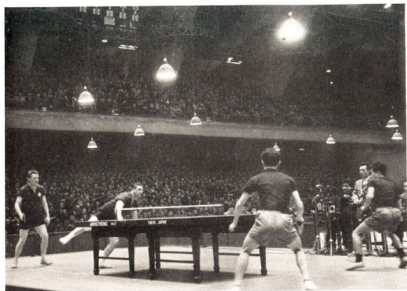
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JAPANESE (FOREGROUND) BEATING CZECHS FOR TABLE-TENNIS TITLE  
The ladies bowed low.

Kay Toteishi

Table Tennis Tournament. White was barred because a white celluloid ball can be lost against such a background.

Once the tournament got started, the flame-red jerseys of Communist Chinese flared against the green of Australians and Germans, the orange of Portugal, brown of Korea. Cobalt from South Vietnam clashed with ten other shades of blue from ten assorted countries. As if to keep everyone happy, there were almost as many prizes as there were colors on the floor: the Swaythling Cup for the men's team champs, the Corbillion Cup for the ladies' team champs, the St. Bride Vase for the men's singles, the Gasper-Geist Cup for ladies' singles, the Pope Trophy for ladies' doubles, the Iran Cup for men's doubles. But most of the prizes did not go very far. As final after final was played out last week, the Japanese hosts walked off with most of the silverware.

**A Failure of Gamesmanship.** Using paddles with soft, sponge-rubber faces that take the ping out of pingpong but slice off some wicked spins, the agile and tireless Japanese wasted no time taking the Swaythling Cup. They stuck stubbornly to their unorthodox "penholder" grip (which makes for an awkward backhand), but attacked so steadily that their opponents could seldom smash to their weak side. "Yoshi! Yoshi!" (Good! Good!) the partisan crowd cried each time a Japanese scored. Japanese women players stopped and bowed low every time they scored on a net cord shot or bounced a winning shot off the edge of the table. While minding their manners, they suffered one of the few Japanese losses: the ladies' cup went to Rumania's defending champs.

Even with gamesmanship, Britain's Richard Bergmann could do little against the Japanese: he stopped one match to complain that the ball was too soft and not really round, took half an hour, examined 192 balls before he continued his

play for the men's singles title. The winner: Japan's Ichiro Ogimura, in an all-Japanese final against Defending Champion Toshiaki Tanaka.

**A Picture of Kichiji.** By taking every title except the ladies' Corbillion Cup, the ladies' doubles (also won by Rumania) and the mixed doubles (won by the U.S.), the Japanese reasserted their dominance of a sport that was once little more than a parlor pastime for upper-class Englishmen. They have been building up their skill ever since Professor Seizo Tsuboi brought the game home from England in 1902. Now, from Hokkaido to Kyushu, every community has its table-tennis center, and it is practically a national game.

Japan was so pleased at being allowed to hold this year's championship, that the government issued a special ten-yen (3¢) stamp. When the Swaythling Cup winners were awarded their prize, Captain Ichiro Ogimura took a small snapshot from his pocket and held it in front of the silver trophy. It was a picture of Kichiji Tamasu, 21-year-old team star, who died of a heart attack last January. Said Ogimura with due solemnity: "I thought he should know we won."

## Scoreboard

☐ Running under top weight of 130 lbs. and held so snugly by Jockey Willie Shoemaker that he galloped most of the race with his head twisted sideways, Rex Ellsworth's great chestnut colt Swaps breezed home to win the Broward Handicap at Florida's Gulfstream Park by 2½ lengths, set a world's record (1:39.6) for the one-mile-70-yd. distance.

☐ Even before the international students' chess tournament at Uppsala, Sweden was officially finished, Russia's players had all their competition checkmated. With a score of 21 games won, six lost and one adjourned, they were safely ahead of second-place Hungary (16 won, 11 lost).

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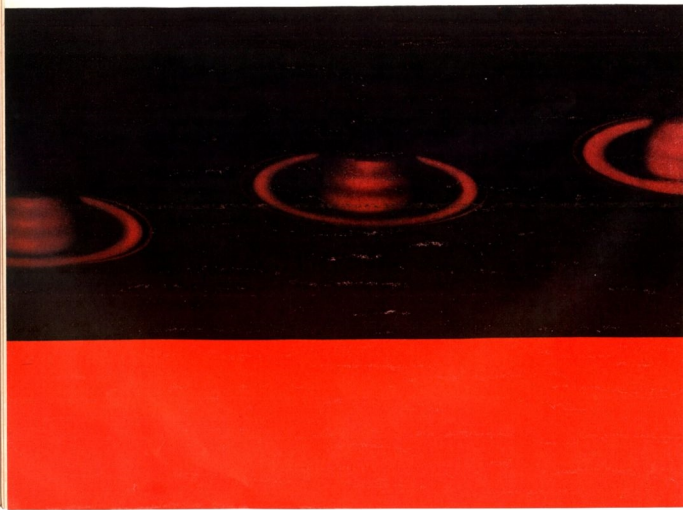
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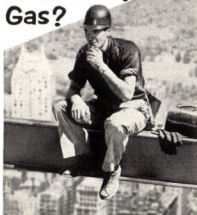
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## MILESTONES

**Married.** Countess Emanuela Castelbarco, 19, blonde granddaughter of Conductor Arturo Toscanini; and Duke Gian Luigi Acquarone, 32, wealthy Italian nobleman; in Milan, Italy.

**Married.** Corinne Robinson Alsop, 69, mother of the New York *Herald Tribune's* globetrotting columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop, niece of the late President Theodore Roosevelt; and Francis W. Cole, 72, onetime (1945-55) board chairman of Hartford, Conn.'s Travelers Insurance Co.; both for the second time; in Collinsville, Conn.

**Died.** Francis Tyler, 51, burly helmsman of the No. 2 U.S. bobsled team that took first place in the 1948 Olympics at St. Moritz; of a heart attack; in Lake Placid, N.Y.

**Died.** "Little Jack" Little, 55, radio star of the '30s, and composer (*A Shanty in Old Shanty Town, Jealous, Hold Me*); apparently after an overdose of sleeping pills; in Hollywood, Fla.

**Died.** Paul Hutchinson, 65, Methodist minister, editor (1947-55) of the Protestant weekly, *Christian Century*, author (*Storm Over Asia, The New Leviathan*); of a ruptured aorta; in Beaumont, Texas (see RELIGION).

**Died.** Lieut. General José Moscardó Iruarte, 77, Count of Alcázar de Toledo, Falangist hero of one of the most celebrated battles of the Spanish civil war; of a heart attack while shaving in bed; in Madrid. As commandant of Spain's West Point, the Alcázar of Toledo, Professional Soldier Moscardó withstood the 67-day Loyalist assault on the ancient fortress-castle with some 1,100 soldiers and civilians, was finally relieved by a Franco army after Loyalist troops had hurled more than 6,000 4-in. shells and 4,000 6-in. shells against the fortress, mined its rocky base with dynamite, sprayed its walls with gasoline. During the bombardment, Loyalists captured his 16-year-old son, Luis Moscardó, put the boy on the phone to talk to his father. The conversation: "Papa." "What is it, my son?" "They say they will shoot me if you don't surrender." "Then commend your soul to God, cry *Viva España*, and die like a patriot." "A big kiss, papa." "A big kiss, my son." Within ten minutes, the Loyalists shot young Moscardó.

**Died.** Clarence ("Ginger") Beaumont, 79, farmer and oldtime baseball player, who broke into the game with the late Connie Mack's Milwaukee club and was the first player to hit in the modern World Series; in Burlington, Wis. Playing centerfield for the Pittsburgh Pirates, Ginger Beaumont stepped to the plate against the Boston Pilgrims' (now the Red Sox) famed Denton ("Cy") Young in the first (1903) Series game, flied out.



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## STATE OF BUSINESS

### Brake on the Boom

Is the boom headed for a sharp upturn or a slide? For months the question has split official Washington. One faction, which includes President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers, worried that business was slowing down, kept a wary eye on such soft spots as autos and farm prices. But the Federal Reserve Board leaned in the opposite direction, convinced that the boom was still picking



Walter Bennett  
FEDERAL RESERVE'S MARTIN  
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up speed so fast that it might get out of hand. Last week the Federal Reserve governors decided it was time to put more checks on credit and industrial expansion. With a flourish of his pen FRB Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. okayed, for the fifth time in a year, an increase in the discount rate for eleven of FRB's twelve district banks, thus making it more expensive to borrow money.

In nine districts the discount rate, *i.e.*, the fee the Federal Reserve Banks charge on loans to member banks, was raised 4% to 2½%; the Minneapolis and San Francisco banks boosted their rates ½% to 3%—highest rate in 22 years. Chicago prepared to follow suit.

**Flood of Optimism.** The nation's bankers promptly passed along to their customers the price increase on borrowed money. Big eastern banks hiked the prime rate, *i.e.*, the interest they charge big borrowers with top credit ratings, from 3½% to 3¾%. On the stock market the change was taken in stride. Two days earlier Wall Streeters sensed that some anti-inflation move by the Government was due, and stocks took their sharpest slide in six months. But before week's end stocks steadied again.

More than anything else, what finally made up FRB's mind was the spring flood of optimism, cheering reports of first-

quarter earnings (*see below*), the big expansion plans of U.S. businessmen, the big spending plans of the U.S. consumer. Retail trade for March, said the Commerce Department, climbed 2½% over February and 4% above March of last year. After a survey of economists and businessmen, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce predicted that consumer incomes will go up 3% to 5% this year, and that all of this \$8 billion to \$14 billion will be spent.

**Rise on Loans.** Business borrowing is so high that last week alone banks borrowed \$1,119,000,000 from FRB, up 14% in a week and almost 100% over the same week of 1955. All told, business loans were running more than \$5 billion ahead of last year. Real estate loans went up \$862 million over 1955 and consumer credit loans topped last year's by almost \$1.8 billion. Steelmakers turned out a record 10,921,000 tons of ingots and steel in March, but were still unable to catch up with orders.

Against the threat of higher prices, many a businessman borrowed money to build up inventories, thus put more pressure under both credit and prices. In March wholesale metal prices rose nearly 1% over February, stood 11% higher than a year ago. With more price increases in the offing, FRB's Bill Martin hopes to discourage marginal borrowers who can put off their spending plans, thereby balk more inflation.

### Earnings: Better Than '55

As industry released the first batch of 1956 first-quarter earnings reports last week, it was apparent that, for the first three months, 1956 looked better even than record-breaking 1955. Steel led the field. Pittsburgh Steel turned in a \$2,469,624 net, 171% ahead of the same period last year, and Allegheny Ludlum earned \$4,572,608, a handsome 92% better. Lukens Steel reported a 370% profit hike to \$1,361,641, and President Charles Lukens Houston Jr. predicted that 1956 would bring the best sales and earnings in the company's 146-year history.

Containers were bursting with good news: a 25% profit hike to \$4,410,000 at the Container Corp., a 56% net increase at National Container Corp.

International Business Machines netted \$15,323,000, a record and 34% better than a year ago; St. Regis Paper also set a high, hiking its net 40% to \$6,212,000, and announced capital expenditures of \$43 million v. \$11 million last year. Giant American Telephone & Telegraph set a record of \$148,170,000 v. \$128,618,653 in '55 and announced first-quarter capital expenditures of \$470 million, 36% greater than last year.

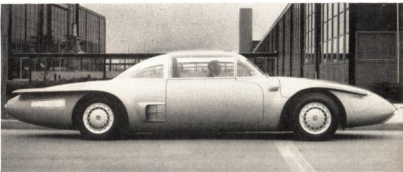
In almost every industry there were similar bright reports. National Biscuit earned \$4,678,974, up 17.3% above last year, and Sunshine Biscuits estimated a "quite substantial" gain in the year's first two months. Philip Morris estimated a 40% profit rise over 1955's first-quarter \$1,849,992, and Kroger's cash registers rang up \$3,908,872, for 41% more profit than last year. United Airlines revenues rose 11% over the \$50,381,000 of a year ago, and President W. A. Patterson prophesied that revenues would rise 50% in the next five years. Chemicals reacted unevenly. While preliminary reports from Du Pont and Monsanto indicated profit declines, Dow Chemical's net advanced 38% to \$14,282,841, and General Aniline's rose 90% to \$1,450,000. Western Union reported a profit of \$3,207,000, its best earnings in a quarter century.

## AUTOS

### The New Engine

From General Motors Corp.'s research shops last week came a torpedo-shaped car with a revolutionary new engine. Called the XP-500, the car is powered by a 250-h.p. "free-piston" engine that many Detroit engineers think may be the intermediate stage between today's piston-engine cars and tomorrow's gas turbines.

The principle of the free-piston engine has been known for more than 30 years, and has been applied in Europe for locomotives, ships and stationary power plants. But, says G.M.'s President Harlow Curtice, G.M. "is the first to put it to work in an automobile." The heart of the G.M. engine is two cylinders, each containing two opposed pistons. When fuel is exploded between the pistons they are



GENERAL MOTORS' XP-500  
It can run on peanuts.



# TIME CLOCK

**INCOME TAX RETURNS** will get a sharper look from the Bureau of Internal Revenue this year. BIR has added 650 agents to its auditing force of 11,225 men, will double-check well over 2,000,000 1955 tax returns v. an estimated 1,500,000 last year.

**BLACK AUTOS** are making a comeback. After slipping to 12% of the market in August of 1954, black and charcoal grey shot up to 20% of all new-car paint jobs turned out last January.

**COLOR TV PRICES** are fast approaching mass-market level. Sears, Roebuck will soon put out 21-in. set for \$595 and Admiral will start selling 21-in. table model for \$499 in June.

**SUPER COKES**, tried out in test markets for almost two years, are so successful that Coca-Cola cannot meet demand. With 600 of 1,100 U.S. plants converting to supply family- (26 oz.) and king-size (10-12 oz.) bottles, the bottlers have told customers that they are not restricting production, but simply cannot keep up with orders.

**FLORIDA'S BIGGEST** single industrial development, an aircraft factory, will be built by Howard Hughes on 30,000 acres of land near Miami. Hughes is mum on what

kind of planes he will build, but the plant will reportedly cost around \$50 million, employ 17,500.

**TV ON TAPE** will soon be in use. Amplex Corp., maker of top-quality tape recorders, has developed a new TV tape recorder that does a clearer, more economical job of reproducing TV programs than the kinescope system currently in use, can record an hour-long program on a 14-in. roll of tape. Columbia Broadcasting System has ordered three of the new machines (at \$75,000 each), will substitute them for kinescopes this August.

**JUNIOR JETLINERS** will touch off a hot new sales race among planemakers. After Convair's announcement of its 600 m.p.h. Skylark (TIME, March 12), both Boeing (with a scaled-down 707) and Douglas (with a DC-9) are planning to build jetliners to carry 50 to 90 passengers on hops as short as 300 miles. Estimated price: around \$3,000,000 per plane, or some \$1,500,000 cheaper than the long-range jets already on order.

**TRANSAMERICA CORP.**, the giant California holding company which recently spent \$20 million for five banks in Utah, Idaho and Montana (TIME, April 19), is invading Wyoming. It is acquiring the Casper National Bank and the Riv-

erton First National Bank (resources: \$38 million), thus bringing its total holdings to 14 banks with deposits of \$2.5 billion in ten Western states.

**FEDERAL FLOOD INSURANCE** is making headway in Congress. The Senate Banking Committee has approved a bill calling for a \$5 billion program to insure both businessmen (up to \$250,000) and home owners (up to \$10,000) against a repetition of last summer's disastrous floods. Under the plan, still to be passed by the full Senate and House, the Government will pay 40% of the cost, with property owners chipping in between \$2 and \$10 per \$1,000 of insurance.

**AIR TRAVEL BOOM** pushed American Airlines to a new world's record last year. The totals: 7,300,000 passengers carried, a 100% gain for American since 1950, and the first time any airline has carried more than 7,000,000 people in a single year.

**MEAT PRICES** for ranchers are climbing out of their slump, will probably go higher still during late spring. On Chicago markets pork is up to \$15.25 a cwt., \$3 more than last month, while choice beef goes for \$20.84, up \$2.21 since early March, when prices were at their lowest since World War II.

driven apart and slammed together again. This has the effect of a bellows, forcing air out of the cylinder to turn a turbine wheel, which is geared to turn the car's rear wheels.

This engine has many qualities that may endear it to Detroit and the motoring public. Like the gas turbine engine, it will run on the lowest grades of fuel, will even run on peanut oil. It needs no crankshaft or connecting rods, and it has so few rotating parts that friction and wear are far less than in standard piston engines. Furthermore, unlike the gas turbine, its turbine wheel runs cool, hence does not require costly heat-resistant alloys. General Motors has no immediate plans to produce the free-piston engine. But G.M.'s engineers hope that its debut in dealers' salesrooms is not many years away.

## Help for Studebaker-Packard

A worried group of stockholders met in Detroit early this week at the Studebaker-Packard annual meeting. There they heard a statement from President James J. Nance that the company was in trouble.

Trouble was a mild word for Studebaker-Packard's plight. Instead of the strengthening expected from the October 1954 merger, the combined company has been losing money heavily. Production is running 30% below 1955, the backlog of Packards in dealers' hands is big, and the company has used up nearly \$25 million of its \$45 million line of bank credit.

But what President Nance did not spell out to his stockholders this week was the board's desperate search for a way to keep the company going. Back in January S-P

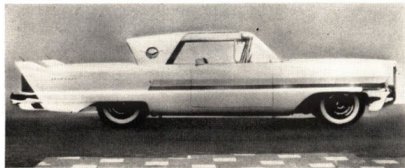
had gone to the big investment bankers hoping to get a large, long-term loan. One after another, the bankers had said no. They were sympathetic, but they had doubts about S-P's survival in the face of General Motors' big upsurge and the overall drop in car sales.

Dismayed, the S-P executives considered liquidating the company and selling its plant piecemeal, but rejected the idea almost immediately. They tried sounding out the Big Three on buying out Studebaker-Packard. The only interest was shown by Ford, which plans to bring out a new line some time next year, priced between the Mercury and Lincoln, and could use S-P's ready-made setup. After some dickering, Ford declined.

**Billion-Dollar Angel.** This left only one other possibility: find a big, money-making angel outside the auto industry who wants to get into carmaking. The rescuer could take over S-P in a stock swap, use its losses to offset its own profits while pumping in enough money to keep S-P going. By 1960, auto economists figure on a 10 million car market—big enough to support even a small producer.

This week S-P's last chance became a hot possibility. It is already dickering to sell out to a billion-dollar corporation, hopes to wind up the deal in a few weeks.

Whether President Nance will stay with the corporation is still up in the air, since he has been offered several other jobs. In any case, he has earned the respect of Detroit's tough tycoons. Under Nance, in the 18 months since the merger,



STUDEBAKER-PACKARD'S PREDICTOR  
It needs millions to get going.

Joe Clark—Sports Illustrated

# MANAGEMENT CONSULTANTS

## Good Medicine for Ailing Companies

WHEN Lawyer George Alpert took over the ailing New Haven Railroad, his first move was to call in a management consultant. As soon as Joseph Grazier became president of American Radiator & Standard Sanitary, he sent for a consultant. While Dwight Eisenhower was campaigning in 1952, businessmen backers called in McKinsey & Co. (TIME, Jan. 12, 1953), to determine the 250 top policymaking jobs through which the Republicans could make their policies felt.

Once, consultants were little more than efficiency experts with a fancier title. Today the management consultant tries to be a hired superman: a co-strategist, talent scout, policy adviser, hatchet man (to chop down executive deadwood), nay-sayer and new-business finder. In the postwar boom the consultant business (2,000 firms grossing more than \$400 million annually) has grown faster than ever, as industrialists, facing the largest opportunities (and pitfalls) in history, have looked for experienced guides for mergers and for diversification.

This mushroom growth has exposed the management consultant business to the withering charge that it is a fraud—and worse. In fact, says one consultant: "This isn't a profession; it's a racket." Many old corporate hands hoot at the whole business and its many fuzz-cheeked practitioners, recall that the affairs of one consultant got so snarled up that the firm hired another to come in and tell it what to do.

The field has attracted fakers and incompetents. The classic boner was made by the experts who, in the 1920 depression, strongly advised G.M. to drop Chevrolet and quit the low-priced car business. Some consultants, concerned more with fees than duty, side-step the job of giving unpleasant advice. One consultant spent three years at a troubled corporation, amassing a \$600,000 fee and making numerous recommendations. But he avoided the only important one: fire the family management whose incompetence was the real cause of the trouble.

The largest consultant in the business, Chicago's George S. May Co. (1955 billings: \$9,300,000), recruits its "experts" through want ads, and woes worried businessmen with a pitch something like this: "We'll come in and tell you what's wrong with your business for \$100." Once in, May's "actioners" get to work "opening the job," and sell the client—who falls into one of 49 types ("Penny Pincher, Stone Face, the Playboy, the Boor,

the Weaking")—a long service which often costs thousands.

But management consultants have been employed repeatedly by some of the largest U.S. corporations, such as American Cyanamid, General Foods and RCA, and obviously have earned their fees. One of their chief values is that they bring in a completely fresh viewpoint. They may not be smarter than the men they advise, but they offer a corporation the analytical eye of a competent outsider who is not entangled in the company's day-to-day operations and politics. Sometimes the consultant can apply know-how gained in a similar situation with another client. Most often, says Robert Heller & Associates, they find that the solution is right within the company: underlings know what should be done, but could not sell their ideas to the top brass.

However, it is hard to measure exactly how effective consultants are. The hiring firms are usually close-mouthed, as though they were admitting to a shameful weakness, while the consultants themselves tend to be glowing and nonspecific about their work. Often their job is in the policy area and cannot be measured in dollars and cents. But there are tangible evidences of successes. A Cresap, McCormick & Paget survey of the New York Central introduced new budget and inventory control systems, divided jobs into staff and line posts, and resulted in a payroll saving of \$600,000 annually. Ernst & Ernst's management consultant division charged Pan American a whopping \$750,000 for reorganizing its huge Miami engine overhaul base and crew scheduling system, but saved the airline "millions," according to Pan Am's own estimate. Robert Heller & Associates' reorganization of the Post Office Department into 15 regions, and the regions into many districts, eliminated so much duplication that the Postmaster General also saved many millions. Another Heller job slashed the FTC's procedural work by 50%.

The best proof of the need for the profession has been its continuing growth and acceptance. While the shady firms look constantly for new suckers, the sound outfits have lists of waiting clients, and report that 80% of their customers come back regularly. But even the management consultants know that they must be used sparingly. Like antibiotics, they should be called in only when necessary, lest the corporate body lose its own vitality and capacity for self-correction.

S-P has built its own brand-new competitive V-8 engine plant, begun making its own bodies in a plant leased from Chrysler, talked the militant U.A.W. into reducing labor costs at Studebaker's South Bend factory to make them competitive with the rest of the industry, pioneered such engineering items on the Packard line as torsion-bar suspension and electrified push-button automatic shifts.

**Dream into Reality?** All of this was the groundwork for a radical restyling of the Packard line in 1957 to look like Packard's dream car, the Predictor, with sliding roof panels, disappearing headlights and radar brakes. With its advanced new car, Packard hoped to be able to compete with the Big Three and get solidly into the black. But when the time came to order retooling for the new model, said one Packard official sadly, "our money ran out." Now Packard plans only a face lifting of its models for next year. But if the merger goes through, it hopes to rush through retooling of its highest-priced line and bring out at least one model like the Predictor.

## BUSINESS ABROAD

### Wizard from Westphalia

When Germany surrendered in 1945, no top-ranking Nazi industrialist was hit harder than foxy Friedrich Flick, who owned a coal and steel empire second only to the four-generation Krupp kingdom. Hustled off to Landsberg Prison as a war criminal, Multimillionaire Flick, once known as "Frederick the Great," served five years of a seven-year sentence for using slave labor to make steel for Hitler's legions. In East Germany the Communists confiscated 75% of Flick's entire cartel; U.S. and British trustbusters made him break up its bomb-shattered remnants in West Germany. Yet even in prison, with the same steely determination that had helped him rise from Westphalian farm boy to steel baron, Flick planned to put his economic Humpty Dumpty together again.

Last week, fewer than six years after he walked out of jail, white-haired Friedrich Flick, 72, completed a coup that put him well along the road to a new empire and a new reputation. For \$5,500,000 he bought the largest single block of shares in the Hainaut-Sambre combine, Belgium's No. 2 steelmaker and biggest private company, thereby became the first German to own a significant stake in Belgian industry since before World War I. Last year, when he bought a 25% to 30% controlling interest in Châtillon-Neuves-Maisons steelworks, one of France's big five, he was also the first German to buy into French industry in half a century. In two strokes the one-time German nationalist thus singlehandedly made solid progress toward the ideal of pooling Western Europe's heavy industry.

**Lesson Learned.** Though Flick's associates like to picture him as a kindly old codger who was conned by the Nazis and framed by the Allies, none claim that his expansion outside Germany is motivated

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"Burroughs" and "Micro-Twin"—TM's

TIME, APRIL 23, 1956

by anything but razor-sharp financial judgment. Said one: "He made a virtue out of necessity." Flick's resurgence is a direct result of Allied decartelization. Forced to sell his 60% holdings in the Harpener Bergbau, one of the Ruhr's biggest coal combines, Flick could find no buyer in capital-starved Western Germany. Reluctantly, he sold his stock to France's giant De Wendel steel concern (TIME, May 18, 1953), which paid him \$26 million outright, plus \$19 million in blocked funds that could only be re-invested in France or areas linked to the French economy. Thus he was forced to spend much of his money outside Germany. The transaction gave Flick the capital he needed to start buying industrial bargains from Belgium to Brazil.

In West Germany Flick now owns a steel mill in Bavaria and a metal-refining plant in Lübeck, has a large interest in the Ruhr's Bergkamen chemical works, Stuttgart's big Daimler-Benz auto plant, a boxcar factory in Nürnberg, Düsseldorf's Feldmühle paper mill, one of Europe's largest. Besides his French and Belgian holdings, he has a steel mill in South Africa and varied interests in Brazil. However many millions roll in, Flick resolved in jail to invest in industry but never to build again. Says an associate: "He's a badly burned child who has learned his lesson."

**Solid Gold Mercedes.** Flick runs his combine today from a lavishly furnished office (dominated by a portrait of Bismarck) in Düsseldorf's newest skyscraper. A notorious pennig-pincher, he is never seen at the swank restaurants frequented by his subordinates, ducks out of his office for solitary meals at cheap cafes.

Haunted by the idea that his hard-won fortune will slip through the fingers of his two sober-minded sons, Flick rewrites his will each time he sees a Hollywood movie about playboys. Yet he can be a daring gambler. When his empire was crumbling around his prison cell, Flick was warned by geologists that his big Bavarian ore



STEEL BARON FLICK  
He put Humpty Dumpty together.

mine was played out. Flick refused to believe them, told his men to keep drilling. "Other rich men go to Monte Carlo and spend their money on women," he said. "But I'm in the steel business. Drill!" His engineers found an ore body that will last another 100 years.

Flick is once again West Germany's No. 2 industrialist (after Krupp). His estimated worth: \$250 million vs. \$119 million in 1950 and close to \$1 billion pre-war. Refusing to discuss his wealth, he shrugs: "If one man offered me 100 marks for my car and another offered me 1,000 marks, what would you say that car was worth?" Mindful of Flick's raid on the Daimler auto company, whose stock shot from 125 to a steady 350 after Flick bought in, German bankers agree that any car Flick bought would automatically turn into a solid gold Mercedes.

## GOODS & SERVICES Packaged Progress

The U.S. packaging industry last week unwrapped a bundle of startling innovations. At the American Management Association's 25th annual packaging exposition in Atlantic City, N.J., 388 manufacturers of packaging materials and equipment showed off their latest lures to catch the U.S. shopper's eye. The lures have to be strong; researchers at Du Pont calculate that a package in a supermarket has as little as 20 seconds to stop a passing customer. Among the stoppers:

❑ Martinis and Manhattans sealed in packages of Du Pont's transparent Mylar.

❑ Soft drinks in aerosol pressure cans (American Can Co.), which squirt out when the cap is pressed.

❑ Shell-less eggs, machine-sealed in tough, transparent polyethylene (produced by Sani-Shell Container Corp.). The eggs can be opened by pull tabs like those on cigarette packs, or they can be boiled right in their polyethylene shells. Scientists at Cornell University, who developed the idea, expect it to save farmers millions of dollars by making cracked eggs as salable as whole ones, and by eliminating breakage in shipment.

❑ Bacon rolled on a strip of aluminum foil, so that it can be unrolled like tape (Aluminum Co. of America).

❑ Polyethylene bags for cream, to replace the standard five-gallon steel cans, developed by Illinois' Galva Creamery Co. Shipped in corrugated cardboard cartons, the bags take up only half as much space as steel cans holding the same amount of cream, are more sanitary. Furthermore, they take up only a fraction of the space when they are returned empty.

**Old & New.** Though new materials such as plastics have moved into the packaging industry, manufacturers of glass bottles, cardboard boxes and other traditional containers have kept a major share of the market by bringing out improvements of their own. Riegel Paper Corp.



BOXED MANHATTAN



CAPSULED EGGS

Twenty seconds to catch the shopper's eye.

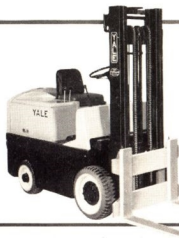


Fred W. Schwarz  
PRESSURIZED JUICE



# Yale "integrated design"

...now makes available a complete new line of fork lift trucks incorporating—for the first time in the industry—premium engineering advances as standard features.



## Yale "integrated design"

Result of a 3-Year Research and Development Program

Yale combined 3 years of intensive research, development and field-testing to meet the urgent need of every industry for a complete line of gas, diesel, LP-gas and electric fork lift trucks which would assure increased safety, speed and efficiency. The result is Yale "Integrated Design"—the incorporation of the latest engineering and design advances as standard features in a complete new line of fork trucks that not only give management positive control over handling costs through high efficiency operation, but also reduce operator fatigue and promote operator safety.

Yale "Integrated Design" offers a complete choice of fork trucks, engineered to eliminate all handling-cost waste by meeting each industry's specific requirements for power, capacity, efficiency, safety, versatility and operator comfort. All the critical features necessary for maximum performance and minimum handling costs are built in as standard features throughout the entire Yale fork truck capacity range of 2,000 to 10,000 pounds!

**New fully-automatic Yale Torque Transmission** provides an infinite ratio of speeds and an automatic response for every power demand in starting or climbing grades under all load conditions. Coordinated inching control permits smooth, accurate maneuvering when high engine speeds are required for fast lifting. Forward or reverse travel motion is obtained by the mere flick of a switch located on the steering column. Standard Transmission and Fluid Coupling are also available in all capacities.

**Self-adjusting hydraulic wheel brakes.** An original Yale development (now, like many other Yale firsts, adopted by the industry), these brakes, of increased capacity in

the new Yale truck line, are mounted directly to each drive wheel for easier, faster stopping without jolting or load damage.

### New Yale power lift is faster, smoother.

Along with increased travel speeds, all new Yale truck models feature an improved roller channel construction that prevents hose damage and increases visibility. Side-thrust rollers reduce stress and compensate for off-center loading. Incorporated are other Yale-pioneered features: the anti-cavitation or unloading valve that eliminates channel sway; the flow-regulator valve that assures smooth lowering control without excessive speed.

### New Yale "convenience styling."

New Yale trucks are lower-built, more streamlined. Lowered cowl, "open vision" uprights and recessed, adjustable seats add to the visibility and protection of the operator. Yale "convenience styling" increases operator efficiency with controls for hoisting, lowering, tilting of channels and operation of attachments positioned for easy, right-hand operation—leaving the left hand free for steering. Instruments are waterproofed and recessed for protection in the lowered cowl, where they are centrally grouped for easy

reading. Yale's fuel tank holds sufficient fuel for a full shift's operation, is easily removable and heavily protected within steel sections. The "swing out" battery permits quick servicing and engine accessibility. The Yale-developed one-piece steel drive axle housing with pressed-in steel alloy sleeve assures longer life.

**1956 Yale electric trucks** incorporate many of the above construction features with such Yale electric truck features as multiple-speed design (four forward, four reverse) based on Yale's exclusive, patented, Magnetic Cam-O-Tactor controller providing smooth acceleration without "jumping" a speed range, and the dead-man control built into the seat to set mechanical wheel brakes when the operator leaves the truck.

### First public showing of new Yale line.

See new Yale trucks in action at the Materials Handling Institute Exposition in Cleveland, June 5 to 8. Assess for yourself the industry's most significant advances in industrial lift truck design. For more information now on the new Yale line, write: The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia 15, Pa., Dept. 244.

# YALE\*

\*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## INDUSTRIAL LIFT TRUCKS AND HOISTS

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the classified directory under LINEN  
SUPPLY or TOWEL SERVICE.



has developed 600 kinds of packaging paper and cardboard, with all combinations of properties needed by manufacturers and shippers. Some traditional packaging materials have been joined with the newcomers. Bradley Container Corp., for example, is now manufacturing a can for Colgate-Palmolive's liquid detergent, Vel, with metal ends and flexible plastic sides. Thus, Bradley has combined the easy stacking of the tin can with the squeeze action of the polyethylene bottle.

**Room for All.** By producing a steady stream of such ideas, old-line packaging companies have kept their sales rising. Says an A.M.A. official: "Packaging is a field which has expanded so greatly that new materials have created their own markets instead of shutting out older stand-bys." Every segment of the industry is growing. The value of transparent films produced last year is estimated at \$225 million, up from \$53 million in 1941. Estimated 1955 output of folding boxboard: 2,750,000 tons, up from 1,700,000 in 1942.

## AVIATION

### The Starfighter

The U.S. got its first look, last week, at one of the world's fastest jet fighters as the Air Force lifted the security ban on pictures of Lockheed's lightweight F-104 Starfighter. Instead of sharply swept wings like most of the new Century Series jets (TIME, Feb. 20), the F-104, like its first jet ancestor, the Lockheed F-80, has stubby, bumblebee-like wings, jutting straight out from a long, needle-nosed fuselage. With a General Electric J-79 engine, the Starfighter has an estimated top speed close to Mach 2 (1,320 m.p.h. at 30,000 ft.) in level flight.

Lockheed already has the F-104 in full production, with the first operational squadron due for service sometime this year. It is also building a two-seater F-104B version. Said Air Force Chief of Staff General Nathan F. Twining: "This is the most advanced plane of its type ever developed."

## PERSONNEL

### Changes of the Week

✱ Thomas E. Stakem Jr., 48, a career civil service man, was picked by President Eisenhower for a \$15,000-a-year seat on the three-man Federal Maritime Board, regulator of merchant shipping routes and subsidies. He succeeds Joseph G. Minetti, who was appointed to the Civil Aeronautics Board. The first Government career man ever to serve on the maritime unit, Stakem worked his way through college and law school in Washington, D.C. as a \$900-a-year clerk in the U.S. Patent Office. He joined the FBI in 1934, quit nine years later to head investigations of skulduggery in World War II shipbuilding and postwar surplus-ship sales, saw his work culminate in heavy fines against Greek Tycoon Aristotle Socrates Onassis and others. In 1951 he became the top-ranking career man in the Maritime Ad-



LOCKHEED'S F-104  
Wings from the bumblebee.

ministration, with the title assistant deputy administrator.

✱ James Crane Kellogg III, 40, senior partner in Spear, Leeds & Kellogg, biggest firm of Stock Exchange specialists, was nominated to be chairman of the New York Stock Exchange. Almost certain to be elected next month, he will succeed Harold W. Scott, who is resigning because the job (principal duty: liaison between the Board of Governors and the permanent staff under President Keith Funston) takes too much time from his business activities. Kellogg went to Williams College for two years, quit at the age of 19 to start in Wall Street as a runner. He moved onto the stock exchange's trading floor as a telephone clerk and, in 1936, borrowed \$125,000 from friends to buy a seat on the Exchange. He became a broker for the odd-lot firm of Carlisle, Mellick & Co. (now Carlisle & Jacquelin), and in 1945 became a partner in Spear & Leeds. He was elected a Big Board governor in 1950.

✱ Archibald E. King, 51, moved from executive vice president to president of Isthmian Lines Inc., descendant of the old Isthmian Steamship Co. Moving on from president to board chairman is Glenn B. Davis, 64, retired Navy vice admiral who joined the company in 1953. King, a veteran shipping executive, began his career in 1919, while still in high school, as a traffic clerk for Norton, Lilly & Co. He went to New York University, joined Isthmian in 1934 as assistant traffic manager. He moved up fast, became vice president in 1947 and executive vice president five years later.

✱ Charles Edward ("Electric Charlie") Wilson, 69, former General Electric Co. president, and wartime defense mobilizer, announced that he will retire next month as board chairman of W. R. Grace & Co. He became a director of Grace in 1952, chairman last year.

**The Oliver Corporation**, one of America's largest manufacturers of farm equipment, uses Copyflex to speed and simplify production control paperwork. With Copyflex, process cards are typed directly on film originals. Variable information can be added or changed as required. Then copies, made by Copyflex without further writing, serve as material travelers, material requisitions, and other production control reports. This eliminates time, cost, and errors of manual copying.



**The Celotex Corporation**, world-famous manufacturer of building products, uses Copyflex to prepare important cost and financial statements on a fast one-writing basis. One application involves detailed plant cost statements which are made up on original forms at the various Celotex plants. From these originals necessary copies are mechanically produced by Copyflex. This has eliminated time previously required for typing statements from original work sheets.

## Two Top-Flight Companies Speed Paperwork, Make Important Cost Reductions with Bruning Copyflex!

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## The New Pictures

**The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit** (20th Century-Fox). The hero of Sloan Wilson's bestselling novel was a young businessman in the classic Marquandary: Should he go in and win or get out and live? The book never really gave an answer. It was as slick as a gold-plated Dunhill lighter, and guaranteed not to burn anybody's fingers. The movie that has been made from the book relentlessly envelops every idea, obscures every issue in a smug smog of suburbianity.

The picture's hero (Gregory Peck) is a harried young commuter who decides that he cannot keep a wife (Jennifer Jones) and three children in Westport, Conn. on \$7,000 a year. So he makes a play for the

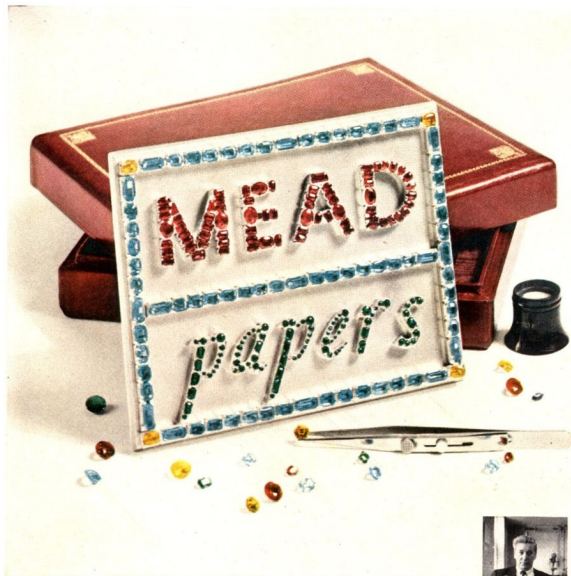


J. R. Eyerman—Life

JENNIFER JONES & GREGORY PECK  
In the classic Marquandary.

big money in the publicity game. It was a virtue of the book that, while it conceded that publicity men may sometimes be intellectually dishonest, it showed them as human beings too. It is a vice of the picture that it can't tell a human being from an overage Boy Scout. Greg is presented as a red-white-and-blue wonder boy just because he tells the boss man (Fredric March) a smart truth rather than a dumb lie. As a matter of fact, *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* almost never wears a gray flannel suit. It doesn't matter much, anyway—except perhaps to the cloak and suit industry.

**The Swan** (M-G-M) is probably the only movie in history that can take advantage of a royal wedding as one of its promotion stunts. As M-G-M's luck would have it, this is a film in which Grace Kelly is wooed and won by a prince. The picture was begun just before Actress Kelly announced her engagement



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to Prince Rainier of Monaco, and it is released this week just in time to catch the wave of publicity kicked up by her marriage. *The Swan* will undoubtedly ride the wave a long, long way. A ticket to the movie can promise, in fact, rather better entertainment than an invitation to Monaco's cathedral, and it is a good deal easier to come by. At the real-life drama, after all, most spectators will catch only a few inadequate glimpses of a blonde girl from North Philadelphia and the hereditary proprietor of an amusement park. In the picture, on the other hand, the moviegoer is actually permitted to inspect the princess in her lacy smallclothes, and Grace in lace is every slender, statuesque inch a princess.

*The Swan* is based on the comedy of aristocratic manners written by Ferenc Molnar in 1920. This is the first time it has been brought to the screen since 1930,



GRACE KELLY & ALEC GUINNESS  
To the Black Sea before breakfast.

and Graustark has seldom been so charmingly populated. To Actress Kelly's shy young princess, Alec Guinness plays the jaded prince who never would avow to his mother hadn't told him to. Louis Jourdan is the passionate young tutor who would if he could, but he can't overcome his belownstairs cringe.

The prince comes to have a wary look at Grace. He moves in confidently, guard high. She curtsies, he bows—too late. As she rises, the top of her head socks him on the button. End of Round One. They go out on the terrace. "A great many stars," he murmurs dreamily. Terrified of what he may say next, Grace coldly reports that some of them are even larger than the sun. End of Round Two.

Rather than risk Round Three, the prince gets lost until it is time to leave. Desperate, Grace's mother (Jessie Royce

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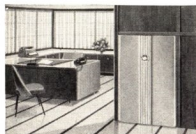
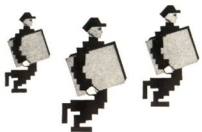


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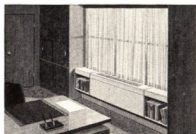


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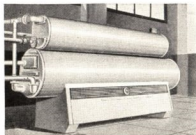
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Landis) commands her to dance with the tutor to make the prince jealous. The princess is aghast. "I would have sent for a duke from Vienna," her mother apologizes, "but there was no time . . . You'll wear gloves, of course, darling—long ones." Even with gloves, the tutor is too hot to handle. He sets the princess on fire, and by the time the blaze is finally under control, the rest of the flimsy plot has gone pleasantly up in smoke.

In the scenes of first love, Actress Kelly is exquisite. She kisses her man as though she had invented kisses just for him. Louis Jourdan partners her with easy skill, but Alec Guinness is the man to watch—especially when he goes to bed tied up in a mustache binder. The whole cast gets plenty of help from Director Charles Vidor, who has kept the color warm, the lighting kind, and everything moving in waltz time. But Vidor got plenty of help from the man who wrote lines such as the one that Aunt Symphora (Estelle Winwood) once squeaks in horror. "She's going to the Black Sea," she cries, "without any breakfast."

#### CURRENT & CHOICE

**Forbidden Planet.** For earthlings with that end-of-winter feeling: spring cruise at speed of light to Altair-4—small, out-of-the-way planet with two moons, green sky, pink sand, personal robot service. Caution: pack a rocket pistol. Occasional monsters (TIME, April 9).

**Richard III.** Shakespeare's sinister parable of power made into a darkly magnificent film by Sir Laurence Olivier, who plays the title role with satanic majesty. The supporting cast: Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Claire Bloom, Pamela Brown (TIME, March 12).

**The Ladykillers.** Farcical larceny, with light-fingered Alec Guinness lifting £60,000 from an armored truck and then losing it—and the picture—to scene-stealing Katie Johnson (TIME, March 12).

**Picnic.** William Inge's play about a husky athlete (William Holden) who bounces around a small town like a loose ball, while the ladies (Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak) fumble excitedly for possession (TIME, Feb. 27).

**The Night My Number Came Up.** A low-voltage shocker from Britain in which a nightmare comes true, with crackling good performances by Michael Redgrave and George Rose (TIME, Jan. 2).

**The Man with the Golden Arm.** A hot dealer deals himself a cold card: heroin. A painful, powerful story of human bondage, in which Frank Sinatra is unforgettable (TIME, Dec. 26).

**The Rose Tattoo.** Anna Magnani, in her first Hollywood film and Oscar-winning role, serves up Tennessee Williams' comedy as a wonderful pizza-pie farce—and the spectator gets it smack in the eye (TIME, Dec. 19).

**Guys and Dolls.** Sam Goldwyn's adaptation of the Broadway musical; with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine and plenty of moxie (TIME, Nov. 14).

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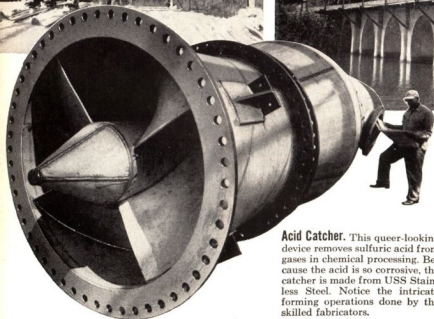
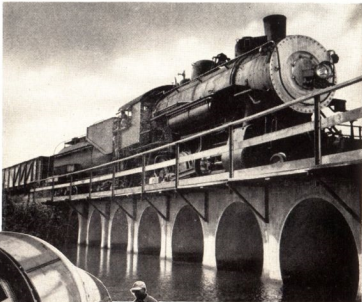


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## Corporal's Inferno

THE CROSS OF IRON (456 pp.)—Willi Heinrich—Bobbs-Merrill (\$4.50).

The war novelists are getting their second wind. In two months, half a dozen or so tales of combat action have seen print. The latest, a German entry titled *The Cross of Iron*, is the most savagely powerful portraiture of men at war on the eastern front since Theodor Plievier's *Stalingrad*. Possibly because they belonged



NOVELIST HEINRICH (1943)

The meaninglessness is the message.

to the winning side, U.S. writers tend to see war as a personality-developing experience in which a man can forge his own identity. As a loser, the German writer must salvage for his hero both identity and meaning from a lost cause pursued beyond any rational hope of victory. Thus, in *The Cross of Iron*, furious hand-to-hand fighting in bunkers, forests and streets forms part of a larger drama, a kind of existential tragedy of the absurdity of certain human situations.

**A Cork for Svengali.** The time is after Stalingrad; the place is the Black Sea area. The German situation is hopeless, and the task of Corporal Rolf Steiner's wounded platoon is near-suicidal. Its job is to stay behind as a rearguard while the rest of the battalion withdraws. In the fluid state of the front, this means only one thing, that the hapless platoon will soon be a cork abob in a sea of Russians. The platoon has small faith in its chances, but believes mesmerically in Corporal Steiner, who has assumed command from his wounded sergeant. Steiner is one of those incurably homeless men to whom gunpowder is oxygen, and war is a kind of inner peace. A maverick with a tongue like barbed wire, he is sloppy, insolent

and broody, but a soldier's soldier when it counts, and a Svengali to his men.

Steiner's platoon is a batch of human putty. Among them are: trusty, pipe-smoking Schnurrbart, a born second-in-command; Dietz, a mamma's boy with the puppy-dog look; Dorn, an overage misclassified philosophy professor; Kern, a blowhard rookie; and Zoll, a pornography-minded tub of lard. "Anyone who gives out is going to be left behind," Steiner warns them. When their rations give out, Steiner tells them to eat tree bark, but he also shares the last of his own rations. When Dietz is critically wounded in a night skirmish, it is Steiner who holds the dying boy's hand to comfort him. Snaking their way back toward their own lines, the men capture an unarmed Russian women's mortar group. Zoll rapes one of the women. Steiner leaves him behind to be castrated and stomped to death by her avenging sisters in one of the more horrifying scenes in a book that is rarely short on horror.

**One for a Decoy.** Wearing the women's uniforms, Steiner and his men surprise four Russian front-line bunker crews, Tommy-gun all of their sleepy-eyed occupants, except for one whom they use as a decoy in crossing over to their unbelieving buddies. Steiner is made a sergeant on the spot and gets a furlough, but all he and his men have really won is a brief reprieve, not a full pardon from death. The whole crumbling German front is itself a rearguard desperately parrying Russian advances and encirclements.

Out of the near-senseless attacks and counterattacks, Author Heinrich has his hero make two kinds of sense. One is the unspoken sense of togetherness in the brotherhood of suffering, or as Steiner tries to put it, "By himself a man is scrap iron." The other is that courage has a logic (or a lunacy) all its own: "To fight for a conviction does not require heroism. Heroism begins where the meaninglessness of the sacrifice remains the last, only message the dead can leave behind."

**You Mustn't Bawl.** The simple foot-slogger passes this test best in *The Cross of Iron*. Novelist Heinrich's officers are petty martinetts, Nazi careerists, or weary *Wehrmacht* regulars who have long since sent their consciences on permanent leave. Steiner tangles with one of them, his Führer-minded C.O., and exposes him for the cowardly lump of jelly he is. In the meantime even the old soldiers die. Dorn and Kern are blasted to shapeless pulp by artillery shells. Schnurrbart is mistakenly murdered by a homosexual German officer settling a private score. It is a quiet day on the eastern front when a stray Russian shell catches Steiner. "Why are you bawling?" he asks the only old platoon member left to mourn him. "You're the last noncom. You mustn't bawl."

Willi Heinrich, 35, has written this first novel with the passionate intensity of a man plucking shell fragments out of his own memory. A corporal himself in a

German infantry division, he marched across 8,000 miles of Russian soil, saw his division lose twelve times its original manpower. In *The Cross of Iron*, Heinrich does what a good war novelist should and few can. He makes the private inferno of his war roar all over again, but as if for the very first time and for all men.

## Fact and Fiction

THE ABOBE OF LOVE (214 pp.)—Aubrey Menen—Scribner (\$3.50).

Is Buntism incurable? Many people, including England's witty Irish-Indian novelist, Aubrey (*The Prevalence of Witches*) Menen, answer with a firm yes. They point out that 1) Buntism has attacked men and women from the beginning of recorded history, 2) there is reason to believe that Buntism is fundamental to life itself.

Buntism derives from Sergeant Matthew Bunt, a British Marine who was two years a castaway on an uninhabited Pacific islet early in the 19th century. When prim Captain Overton of H.M.S. *Achilles* stopped by, Marine Bunt, greeting him on the beach, showed some outer symptoms of extreme Buntism—"a paunch that hung over the belt of his tattered drawers, and cheeks which shook." But Captain Overton did not recognize the signs. "Show me round your little kingdom, Sergeant Crusoe," ordered the captain, "the stockaded hut and the wheat patch

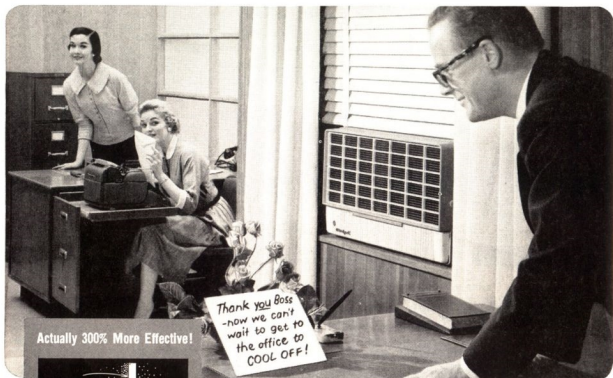


NOVELIST MENEN  
Buntism is fundamental.

and the goat pen, and so on. This promises to be one of the most interesting days of my life."

It was. Despicable Sergeant Bunt was racked by the ailment which bears his name and signifies an obsessive desire for the other sex. He had wasted no time stockading huts or seeding patches. First he had made himself a wife out of old

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canvas and straw, fully intending (he assured Captain Overton) "to go straight with her." Alas, "just for a bit of variety," Bunt had then made himself a girl friend named Lola, who had long hair of combed ship's rope. When quarreling broke out between the two women, said Sergeant Bunt, he took Lola's side, killed off his wife and buried her (he showed Overton the grave, with flowers on it).

**Paid in Pink Shells.** It was but a beginning. In a cave, the entrance to which was marked by a ship's red lantern, dismayed Captain Overton found many "immoral effigies" of ladies constructed of gourds and coconut shells. They were brightly but lightly dressed in "a set of signal flags." Inside the cave were bucketfuls of pink sea shells. "I made myself pay one [pink shell] every time I went . . ." Bunt explained, hoping that this example of self-control would show that he had tried at least to keep some check on his Buntism.

Sergeant Bunt is by far the most endearing and best drawn character in this scandalous novel—perhaps because he is a figment of Author Menen's vivid, jocular imagination. Most of the other characters in *The Abode of Love* have not this advantage. They are real, and so are most of the activities around which Menen builds this rococo piece of history told "in the form of a novel." The Rev. Henry James Prince (who takes the scabrous Bunt under his wing and is the principal character) was a flesh-and-blood renegade clergyman. In the 1840s Prince founded his own religion. With the fortunes of his followers he purchased an estate in Somerset, named it Agapemone (Abode of Love), and moved in with about 60 "brothers" and "sisters." The Abode featured a church with stained-glass windows, but which differed from most churches in its other furnishings, e.g., there was a billiard table, a Persian carpet and "a red sofa near a bright fire."

History is vague as to how many of Prince's "sisters" were also his wives (certainly more than one was), but in Menen's clever hands, Prince's religion is devoted simply and solely to Buntism. Prince's text is St. Paul's: "It is better to marry than to burn" (*I Corinthians* 7:9), interpreted by Prince and his followers to mean in effect, "Marry whenever you have an attack of Buntism." In the Abode, attacks were frequent.

**Embrace, Don't Wrestle.** The Abode was "a place of dalliance, and nothing but dalliance. Sergeant Bunt's two years on his island had taught Prince that such a life could be satisfying for the right sort of person." The creed behind the Abode—that if Buntism is embraced, instead of wrestled with, it ceases to be a problem—may be all very well in real life, but it is usually bad in fiction. A good novel demands what the purists call "conflict," i.e., wrestling, and Author Menen fails to meet this demand. This is the only weakness, and a limited one at that, in a book that should make any sufferer from Buntism able to laugh out loud at his affliction.





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TIME, APRIL 23, 1956

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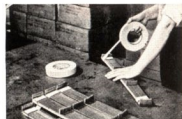
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## History's Pageant

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES, VOL. I: THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN (521 pp.)—Winston S. Churchill—Dodd, Mead (\$6).

This book was begun 20 years ago, but History kept interrupting the author. How Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill met those interruptions, especially of World War II, is, of course, celebrated history in its own right. Indeed, Churchill the Statesman so shaped world affairs as to give Churchill the Author-Historian a comparatively happy ending for his massive four-volume work-in-progress, *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*.

The work is an expanded, revised and substantially rewritten version of the single volume Churchill had in mind two



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ALFRED ACKNOWLEDGED AS KING  
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decades ago. Subtitled *The Birth of Britain*, this first volume (approximately one-sixth of which has appeared prior to publication in the pages of LIFE) reaches back to the Stone and Bronze Age mists, and ends in the cruel glare of the last of the Plantagenet kings, Shakespeare's famed villain, crookbacked Richard III. It is written with Churchill's native flair for the dramatic and the renowned prose rhetoric that rumbles like summer thunder and flashes with aphoristic lightning.

**King Above Force.** It will scarcely seem strange that Churchill has looked upon his ancient island race and found it, on the whole, good, From the Roman conquest to the Norman, from the famed battles of Crécy and Agincourt to the fratricidal Wars of the Roses, from the martyrdom of Archbishop Thomas à Becket to the signing of Magna Carta, the *History* grinds no axes and pulls no surprises.

Churchill has a predilection, an understandable one, for the strong and resolute hero who brings order out of a moment of

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historic chaos and crisis. And in his heroes one often catches a sharp glimpse of Churchill himself. Of Alfred the Great he writes: "[The] sublime power to rise above the whole force of circumstances, to remain unbiased by the extremes of victory or defeat, to persevere in the teeth of disaster, to greet returning fortune with a cool eye, to have faith in men after repeated betrayals, raises Alfred far above the turmoil of barbaric wars to his pinnacle of deathless glory." If Alfred could pass for an early Sir Winston, so too, perhaps, could the image of Richard, "Cœur de Lion": "He loved war, not so much for the sake of glory or political ends, but as other men love science or poetry, for the excitement of the struggle and the glow of victory." Yet Churchill's summing up of Richard is masterfully caustic: "His life was one magnificent parade, which, when ended, left only an empty plain."

**Liberty Under Law.** Is history itself, perhaps, only an empty plain full of ghostly paraders? Churchill clearly thinks not. The kings and desperate men, the princes secular and spiritual, the meek and the mighty who throng his pages, are part of a moral pageant illustrating not only the perennial condition of man, but the nascent tradition of individual liberty under law which was to become so distinctively Anglo-American. It is to that tradition that Sir Winston tacitly dedicates his book—"in the hope that contemplation of the trials and tribulations of our forefathers may not only fortify the English-speaking peoples of today, but also play some small part in uniting the whole world."

## Beyond the Next Bend

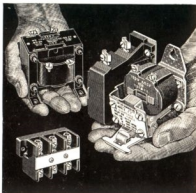
THE ROAD (276 pp.)—Harry Martinson—Reynal (\$3.50).

"Touch us not. Leave us in peace. We own that which is astray. The lost is our property. It is a large and remarkable property. It faces the stars, the woods and the seas, the roaming waves and the wind-sown flowers."

Thus the tramps who trudge through *The Road*, a meandering, queerly poetic, semi-autobiographical novel which is the first book of Swedish Author Harry Martinson to be published in the U.S. The son of a sailor turned shopkeeper who died when the boy was only six, Author Martinson was left behind when his mother emigrated to the U.S., spent much of his boyhood and early youth tramping the world's roads and sailing the world's seas as sailor, cook, mechanic, abattoir worker and soldier of fortune. A prolific writer whose works range from poetry to nature studies and radio plays, Martinson spent ten years writing *The Road*. The book is a patchwork of brief, often vivid, sometimes homely episodes of tramps' lives as they knock on the doors and consciences of the respectable and industrious, or sleep among Sweden's lovely hills and forests.

It is early in the present century, and Martinson's tramps are already in rebellion against the demon of industry and the

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TIME, APRIL 23, 1956



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evils of an overorganized world. "Nowadays, there is an element of sadism in the very requirement that a man shall work. 'Now you shall feel it,' they say. 'Now you shall know what it feels like to break stones and trim flags.'" Each is lucidly articulate about his views. Old Road-Dust insists: "Everything is always what it is able to be and never otherwise . . . He who knows the world takes it as it is when it is at its blindest, not as it is when it is seeing most clearly." Sandemar, a world-roaming aristocrat among tramps, carries a slate on which he writes and then wipes out his thoughts. Why? "I'll tell you—because we have found nothing. We merely find that it is possible to say almost anything. But afterward we strike out by degrees everything that can be said."

Everywhere the tramps go, they encounter the fear of "community" people,



Harold Borstrom

NOVELIST MARTINSON

Most people want to be trees

and learn to dread and despise that fear. Muses Bolle, once a skilled cigarmaker, now with "the homeless hands" of the displaced craftsman: "If all people had lived in accordance with their collective fears, everyone would have become stationary, like a tree. In their heart of hearts, perhaps, most people would like to be plants, to be tall trees with eyes that could survey their surroundings and always be able to see and convince themselves that no one was coming, no one was going, no one could move; that all were lookout towers guarding the greatest security—that of absolute immobility."

Martinson's tramps are mobile enough, and often provocative, and their wanderings, as recorded by Martinson, won the author election to the Swedish Academy after the book's publication in 1948. But as a novel, Martinson's *Road* has no cross-roads of crisis and, like his tramps, no destination—except perhaps the insidious lure of what lies beyond the next bend.

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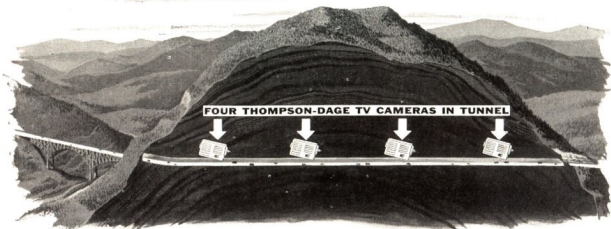
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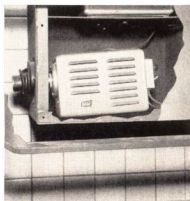
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This added safety feature in the West Virginia turnpike tunnel is but one more example of the growing use of Thompson-made Dage closed-circuit TV. It is proving itself invaluable in industry and banking, the armed forces, hospitals and schools.

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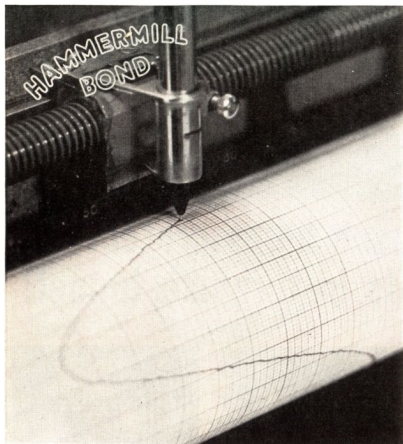
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## MISCELLANY

**54-40 or Fight.** In Secaucus, N.J., Tavern Owner Henry Krajewski launched his second consecutive bid for the U.S. presidency, announced the main plank in his 1956 campaign platform: annexation of Canada.

**Spoiled Sport.** In Baltimore, spotted walking along the street at night clad only in shoes and a string of pearls, Bonita S. Schapiro, 25, was hustled off to the station house with a coat thrown over her, complained moodily to the cops: "Every time I try to have a little fun I get into trouble."

**Medical Opinion.** In El Paso, ex-Private Ygnacio G. Herrera gave himself up 14 years after he deserted from the Army, explained his disappearance during World War II: "I deserted because my mother was sick. She's better now."

**Hard Times.** In Grand Rapids, Mich., police looked for the burglar who broke into Hendricks Supply Co., knocked the dial off the safe but failed to open it, broke into an office next door but failed to force the strongbox, rifled a cigarette machine in a nearby service station, made off with a few coins.

**Fall Guy.** In Milwaukee, uninjured when his auto swerved off the highway, Eugene Cromwell stepped out to survey the damage, fell into a 50-ft. limestone quarry, broke his arm.

**Bridge of Sighs.** In Fairview, N.J., Bartender Albert Sotta rushed moaning into police headquarters, gestured wildly for the desk lieutenant to hand him a pencil, rapidly scribbled a note: "Help me—my tongue is caught in my false teeth!"

**Primal Color.** In Memphis, Bookkeeper Clara Bell Olds cashed a \$6,000 check for her boss, ran off with the money, explained after her arrest: "When they shoved all that long green through the cage, I just couldn't resist it."

**No Exit.** In Maysville, Ky., the 76-year no-escape record of the Mason County jail stood intact after police made a surprise search of the building, confiscated four hacksaws, three knives, found prisoners sawing away at the bars.

**Feature Length.** In Fresno, Calif., Charles R. Fleege, 22, had to reschedule his wedding after he was sentenced to five days in jail for knocking out his fiancée during an argument about whether to go to a local movie.

**Nocturne.** In Billings, Mont., Perry Whitfield was sentenced to two years for a \$1,570 jewelry store robbery, despite his plea that he steals because he is affected by the changing phases of the moon.



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## A picture of a man who owns the Electric Companies

Year-old Alexander Maier of Dayton, Ohio, is one of the newest of the 94 million owners of America's independent electric light and power companies.

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Alexander's *grandfather* just opened a savings account in the youngster's name. This makes him one of more than 90 million Americans who are *indirect* owners through their bank savings, insurance premiums or

pension funds. Banks, insurance companies and pension fund trustees put much of this money to work in the securities of independent electric companies.

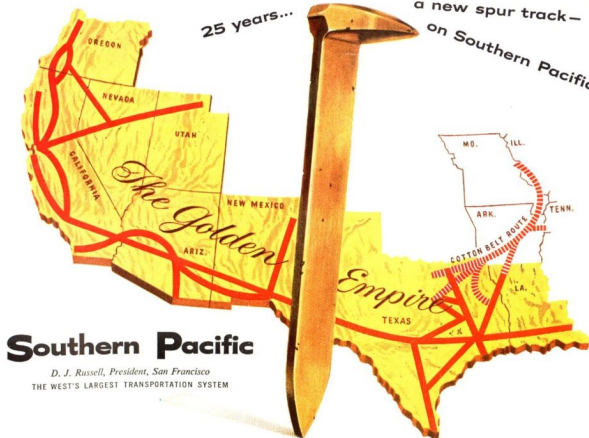
Some people would have the federal government take over all of the power companies. But isn't there a real danger in a single federal power monopoly — rather than in 400 independent electric light and power companies owned by more than 94 million people?

We believe that you'll feel this question is important to you — and deserves your serious thought. That's why this message is brought to you by *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*\*.

\*Names on request from this magazine

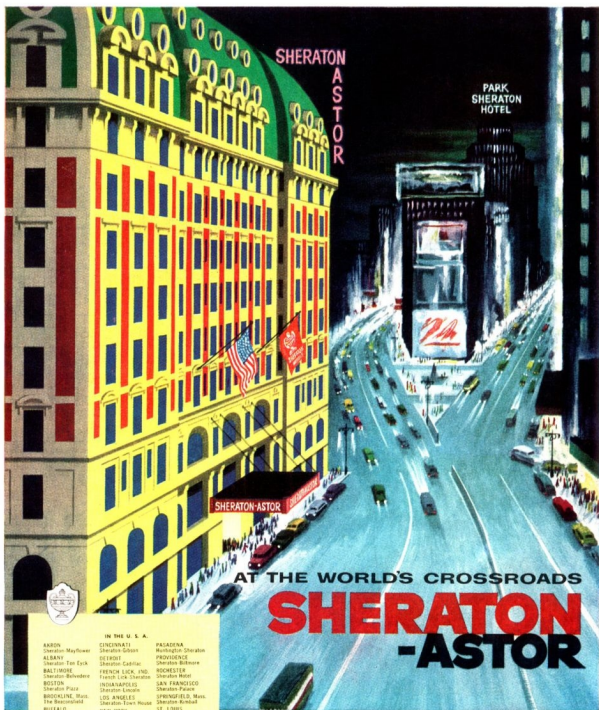
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